

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

Two Years in New South Wales .. 465	Arnot's Elements of Physics..... 471	The Microcosm in Regent Street .. 477	DRAMA: English Opera and Hay- } 478
The Orlando Furioso 468	The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, } 472	Zoological Society, Rossi, Insa- } 477	market Theatres..... }
Philosophy in Sport made Science } 469	by the Author of Waverley }	nity, Patent Gas..... }	VARIETIES: Indian Antiquities, } 479
in Earnest }	ORIGINAL: To 476	NECROLOGY: Lemot 478	Ship Canal, British Museum, &c. }
Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting .. 469	The Soldier's Widow 477	Fine Arts..... 478	Ecclesiastical Preferments 480

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Two Years in New South Wales; a Series of Letters, comprising Sketches of the Actual State of Society in that Colony; of its Peculiar Advantages to Emigrants; of its Topography, Natural History, &c. &c. By P. CUNNINGHAM, Surgeon, R. N. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1827. Colburn.

FOR all the purposes of mere sentimental travelling, it is unfortunate for New South Wales that our country should have determined on making it the receptacle of her outlawed children; for the advantage, however, of the free colonists, or for the present general interests of the infant state, nothing it seems could have been better contrived. While emigrants to America must either convey out eight or ten sturdy sons, or pay so exorbitantly for labourers as to make their profits exceedingly doubtful, the Australian adventurer can obtain them at little or no expense, and has all the advantages of a West India planter, without the odium attending the employment of slave labour. Great, notwithstanding, as this advantage may appear, as it respects the present profit of the settlers, it is a matter of some doubt whether New South Wales will so soon become a rich and flourishing state as it would had the colonists been without the privilege of obtaining convict labourers; or, indeed, whether it will ever advance towards national civilization while the present system continues. Without alluding to the demoralized state of the hundreds of new inhabitants that are continually dispersed among the people, or mentioning the constant effect which the sight of human nature, debased and corrupted, has in dulling the moral susceptibilities; without alluding to these circumstances, it is sufficient to know, that a population depending for its support on advantages not resulting from its own free and improving energies, has every moral and political hinderance to its future happiness and independence.

The work we are about to introduce to our readers is by a gentleman whose experience and knowledge of the country have enabled him to give the public much useful and interesting information. Besides having made several voyages, in which the health of more than six hundred convicts was committed to his care, and of which, to the praise of his humanity be it spoken, he lost not one, he resided for some time in several parts of the country, and made use of every means in his power to gain information on whatever is interesting in the country. We commence our extracts with the following account of the approach to the Bay:—

‘If wind and weather prove favourable, the ship usually steers so close to land in passing

through the Straits, that you will be gratified with a distinct view of the scenery of that country towards which all your thoughts had been for so many weary months directed. The shore is bold and picturesque; and the country behind, gradually rising higher and higher in into swelling hills, of no great elevation, to the utmost distance the eye can reach, is covered with wide-branching, evergreen forest trees and close brushwood,—exhibiting a prospect of never-failing verdure, although sadly deficient in that fresh and varied hue displayed by our own luxuriant summer foliage in England. Grey glimmering rocks, in solitary masses, or piled confusedly together, project here and there among these endless forests; while some gigantic, aged tree—scorched dead by the summer fires—uplifting at intervals its blasted branches above the green saplings around it, throws a sort of melancholy gloom over the verdant scenery, from the picture of dissolution presented by its black and decaying remains.

‘On contemplating the South American map, the immense rivers of the Orinoco, the Amazons, and La Plata, are seen ramifying to within a short distance of the Pacific; at which points, encountering the great chain of the Andes, it will be evident that the waters, in their farther course, must be turned in a different direction. This chain, running nearly parallel with the Pacific Ocean, bounds in between it and the latter, the narrow stripes of land constituting the republics of Chile and Peru; and from this peculiar geographical position it obviously results that the rivers which water those countries can be little better than mere mountain torrents from the Andes, which separate the eastern from the western waters, and verge so close to the Pacific (on which those countries border,) as not to admit of any rivers originating therein ever flowing a sufficient distance to collect water enough to make them worthy of note. Somewhat similar, also, is the geographical formation of the Australian continent. On the southern, eastern, and northern coasts, according to the examinations hitherto made, but few rivers are found to exist, and these few of such inferior magnitude, as plainly to demonstrate their sources to be at no great distance from the coast. We find, in fact, in all the eastern parts of New Holland, a chain of mountains extending nearly parallel with the coast, at a distance of from fifty to a hundred miles inland, forming the summit of elevation which determines the course the rivers on each side of it must pursue; those to the eastward thus disemboguing their waters in that direction, and those to the westward tending westerly. The land lying between this mountain-chain and the sea is consequently but a narrow stripe, like the similarly-situated territories of Chile and Peru; and the rivers, when running direct to the sea, like those too of the above countries, but mere mountain torrents. There is every reason likewise to suppose, from the information already gleaned, that both the

southern and northern coasts, and a considerable part of the western, partake of this formation, and that no rivers will be found in those directions either, having their sources at a greater distance than from sixty to a hundred miles from the sea-coast. Those even which exist to the eastward, we often perceive, do not run directly toward the sea, but in an oblique direction, or even occasionally, for some distance, parallel to it,—thus increasing the volume of their waters before disemboguing, by the various lateral mountain-streams which they receive in their circuitous route. Such is the history of the Hawkesbury, which, rising in the county of Argyle, to the southward of Sydney, about sixty miles from the sea, instead of passing on directly eastward to it, runs northerly for the distance of one hundred and forty miles, somewhat parallel to the sea-coast, through the old colonized counties of Camden and Cumberland, skirting the blue mountains about thirty-six miles interiorly and westerly from Sydney, and finally joining the ocean to the northward thereof. In Argyle, it is named the Wolondilly; in Camden, the Warragamba; in Cumberland, the Nepean; and eventually it takes the appellation of Hawkesbury. (This diversity of nomenclature arose from its being discovered and named by different people, at different places, without its being known to be actually the same river.) It is augmented in its course by various small streams from the eastward and westward, in Argyle; and in Cumberland by Cox's and Grose's rivers, and by the first and second branches issuing from the mountain north-westerly, as well as by the Cow-pasture river, and south and east creeks from the south-easterly quarter; the George river collecting chiefly all the waters to the eastward between the Hawkesbury and the sea, and discharging them into Botany Bay.

‘If the Hawkesbury had taken a direct course to the sea, it never could have been a river of any consideration, from the short distance it would have run; whereas, by taking a bend round the old settled part of the colony, and forming thus its western and northern boundary, it becomes augmented by all the mountain streams in its route which descend at right angles to join it, and forms a river navigable for coasters as far as Windsor, and for loaded boats a good way beyond. In fact, it is obviously impossible that any river of magnitude can exist on the seaward side of this dividing range (which appears nearly to surround our continent,) without following a similar course.

‘But the question regarding the termination of all those rivers which take their rise in the interior of this extensive barrier range, is a problem yet to be solved, and one which deserves the most serious consideration of the government. That they have an outlet somewhere, is evident from the very sudden fall of the Macquarie's inundation, observed by Mr. Oxley, where that river merged in the extensive interior marshes, and from the rapidity of the current even after he lost the channel among

the reeds there. That, also, there can be no very extensive interior sea, may be argued from the fact that no rain clouds are ever seen coming from that quarter. It is more than probable that these marshes communicate with the Alligator rivers, discovered by Captain King, which fall into Van Dieman's Gulf, opposite to Melville and Bathurst islands, on the north-west coast, to which direction the current of the marshes tends. The distance from the junction of the Macquarie with the marshes to this point is about eighteen hundred miles, while Mr. Oxley calculated the height of the river at that junction to be two hundred feet above the sea,—giving thus four inches per league of descent to the sea, which is equal to that of Cairo to Rosetta. This calculation of two hundred feet, however, is mere guess-work, as no barometrical measurement was made; but it is evident that rivers taking their rise from great altitudes, will have the water in the portions of their channel below (where there is but trifling descent) impelled onwards with greater rapidity than the portions of those rivers (having the same descent as the former in their channels towards the sea) which derive their origin from a less elevated source; inasmuch as, the impetus from behind being greater, increased rapidity in the whole course will naturally ensue. Thus the origin of the Macquarie being two thousand six hundred feet above the sea, it will be manifest that a considerable impetus must necessarily be given to the more level portions of its channel-current towards its termination.

Three rivers, named Alligator Rivers, were all seen to discharge their waters into Van Dieman's Gulf, at so short a distance from each other as to make it very probable they will turn out to be the mere mouths of one great river. Up two of these Captain King sailed: one having a mud-bar of twelve feet at its entrance, but deepening to six and eight fathoms beyond; and the other having eight fathoms for nine miles up, and shoaling very gradually afterwards to fifteen feet at high water thirty-six miles from its mouth, at which place it was one hundred and fifty yards broad. The bottom and banks were found to be composed of soft alluvial mud, and the country in the direction of its source, and indeed nearly all round, is so low, that no high land could be seen, even in the distance.

No other part of the coast affords such hopes of finding the outlet of our interior waters as this; for almost every where else (as far as examinations have been made,) mountains are found to approach so near the coast as to preclude the likelihood of rivers forcing their way through, whilst here the country is one continued level, as far as the eye extends. Even Regent's River, at no very great distance herefrom, is discovered to have its course nearly parallel to the coast, like our Hawkesbury,—from being jammed in between the sea and the dividing range of mountains so nearly approaching it. The depth of the Macquarie, at the point where Mr. Oxley lost it in the marshes, was five feet only; but it is generally supposed that gentleman had here lost the proper channel, since he had thirty feet of sounding immediately before. For more than a hundred miles of the river's previous course, the depth of water was never less than ten feet, and often as great as thirty—the medium being about twenty,—and the stream navigable much beyond. If the Alligator rivers prove to be the outlet of the Macquarie marshes, and a navigable communication should be traced to them

from the Macquarie, a fine field will be opened for successful colonization and commercial adventure; and the supposition is strengthened by the frequently reported accounts of animals resembling alligators being seen in the Macquarie, manifesting its actual termination to be in the sea, and that in tropical latitudes.

At Melville Island, fronting the entrance of the Alligator rivers, a commercial establishment has been some years formed, for the purpose of attracting the trade of the adjoining Malay islands, and the Chinese trade with the Dutch likewise, to this spot—and certainly few places could be found better adapted for fixing a settlement upon with such a view; but it would require the genius and enterprise of a Sir Stamford Raffles to carry the plan successfully into effect; it has hitherto languished, and must continue to languish until some such able person takes it in hand. Such a position not only commands the whole maritime continent of India, but is the key to a most extensive commerce at present debarred from British enterprise, namely, that of the Eastern Indian islands, from which the Dutch are zealously endeavouring to exclude us;—while it is also an excellent medium position for a great portion of the trade of China to pass through;—the famed trepang so much prized in that empire being produced only on the Australian coast, where the Malays fish for it. But should a navigable communication be discovered from this neighbourhood, opening out the interior of our immense land to agricultural and commercial industry,—an interior comprising, on a most extended scale, the countries and climates both of the temperate and tropical regions,—what additional importance will thus be conferred upon this imposing commercial situation!—It is evident, however, that until the outlet of our interior rivers shall be discovered, the Australian continent can never be looked up to as a country destined to prove either rich or powerful. The narrow belts of land, generally of indifferent fertility, that we see hemmed in between the barrier ranges and the sea, can never maintain a numerous population. It is in the interior, beyond this barrier, that we are to look for a country likely to realize our hopes of seeing the foundation of a powerful nation laid amongst us; and these hopes can never be in a train to be realized, until an outlet is found for our interior waters, whereby the produce of the varied climes of this immense island-continent may be carried easily and cheaply off, and all its pressing foreign wants cheaply and easily supplied. If these waters have only one grand estuary, this estuary must be navigable for a considerable distance—by reason of the great body of water discharged through it; and if the Alligator rivers should prove to be the estuary, through their channel we may yet hope to see the present settlers on the Macquarie have all their wants of Indian and Chinese commodities supplied, instead of depending, as now, on the tedious and circuitous route half round the Australian continent. Through this channel also may yet descend the productions of the temperate and torrid regions from which our interior waters are derived; and through it, likewise, Australia may hereafter pour her myriads of hardy sons to control the destinies of the effeminate nations of the east.

As peace is now restored to India, it is to be hoped some ship of war from that station will ere long be commissioned to search for the outlet of these inland waters, that the extensive interior of this little-known continent may be

opened to our view, and we enabled to take advantage of the capabilities it may be found to possess. England has already erected one immense empire in America, and founded, it is to be hoped, another considerable one in Australia,—where her wise institutions; her language; and the very names now borne by her children, her counties, her parishes, and her towns,—will all be handed down to future ages as an imperishable record of her public spirit, her wisdom, and her greatness. Can all the gains ever to be realized by selfish commerce be compared to the glory of this?

We pass over the description of Port Jackson and the town of Sidney, as already familiar to most of our readers, and proceed to extract the following account of some of the more inland portions of the colony.

The inhabited parts of the colony cultivated by free people may be divided into four. First, the old settled division, comprehending the county of Cumberland (in which Sydney lies,) and the county of Camden, southerly, between Cumberland and Argyle. Secondly, the counties of Argyle and Westmoreland, and the unnamed country beyond, to the left, or southward of Sydney. Thirdly, the counties of Northumberland and Durham to the right, or northward of Sydney, situated upon Hunter's River; and, fourthly, the counties of Roxburgh and Londonderry, beyond the Blue mountains, interiorly, or westward of Sydney, known best by the name of Bathurst. The three first divisions all lie between the barrier range of mountains, stretching parallel to the coast forty miles interiorly, and the sea, consequently all their waters run into the sea easterly; while the fourth division (Bathurst) lying beyond this barrier range, consequently its waters run westerly, and terminate in the immense interior swamps, the outlet whereof is yet a mystery. Carriage roads lead from Sydney to them all, excepting the third division spoken of (upon Hunter's River to the northward,) to which there is yet but a cattle track. The main road from Sydney runs on in a line with George Street toward Paramatta; another road strikes off to the left of this, about the sixth milestone towards Liverpool, and thence on to the southern counties of Argyle and Westmoreland. Just before reaching Paramatta, a road turns off to join that leading to Liverpool, which town it connects with Paramatta. One road turning off from the portion of the town of Paramatta situated beyond the river, runs backward along the right bank of the stream toward Sydney, to communicate with the numerous farms upon that line; while three others branch off toward the interior from near this point. The first, toward the right, runs on to the town of Windsor, situated upon the river Hawkesbury, at the foot of the Blue mountains, where, crossing that river by a punt, you join the road leading to Hunter's River. The second road to the left of this carries you to Richmond (twenty-one miles,) situated upon the Hawkesbury, at the foot of the Blue mountains, also; and crossing the river by the punt, or at a convenient ford, you may join the Hunter's River road from this too, or proceed on to Bathurst, beyond these mountains, by the new cut now in progress. The third road, farther to the left still, passes on to Emu Ford, likewise upon the Hawkesbury, where it crosses the Blue mountains to Bathurst, this being the original route by which that fine portion of country was first discovered. By means of these roads, Sydney is therefore connected with all the colonized

portions of our territory. A number of cross-roads in the county of Cumberland either connect these main ones, or open laterally other portions of the country.—All these roads are regularly cut and levelled, and the majority of the principal ones Macadamised. In Cumberland both the main and cross roads are generally fenced too, on each side, by four-rail fences, and toll-bars established upon the great thoroughfares throughout, from which a considerable revenue is collected; no less than three turnpikes surrounding Paramatta alone.

Cumberland commences at Broken Bay, the outlet of the Hawkesbury, sixteen miles beyond Sydney, and stretches along the sea-coast to the southward fifty-six miles, counting in this line, in southerly succession, the harbours of Broken Bay, Port Jackson, and Botany Bay, calculated for large ships, and Port Hacking, for small craft. It is about forty miles broad, backed by the Blue-mountain range westerly, with the Hawkesbury sweeping round it, and forming its northern and western boundaries as the sea does its eastern, while the Cow-pasture river, from where it joins the Hawkesbury, extending south-easterly to an origin within thirty-five miles of the sea, forms its boundary in that direction, leaving thus only these thirty-five miles on its southern line in which it is not surrounded by water. Cumberland contains the towns of Sydney, Paramatta, Windsor, and Liverpool, all fast increasing in population and rising into importance. Camden lies to the southward between Cumberland and Argyle,—the Cow-pasture from the S. E. and Wingecarabee from the S. W. forming by their junction with the Hawkesbury its boundaries on these lines,—lying thus in the fork formed by their meeting. It extends in length sixty miles to the S. E., Shoalhaven port and river forming its boundary in that direction, thirty-five miles to the south of Port Jackson; the sea, in a direct line of thirty-five miles, constituting its eastern boundary. Its breadth is about twenty-six miles. Shoal-haven is its only port, and this too calculated but for small vessels, being very dangerous of entry, even for these, from the number of its shoals. This port forms the extreme point of coast population southerly, Messrs. Berry and Wolstonecroft, two of our most eminent merchants, having a flourishing and extensive establishment here, where timber is sawed for the Sydney market, and tobacco and various other valuable products cultivated, besides a large herd of cattle maintained. No towns have yet been founded in Camden, and it possesses no artificial cross-roads; but the openness and easy accessibility of nearly all the fertile portion render these in a great measure unnecessary at present. Camden is watered by the branches of the Cow-pasture and Wingecarabee rivers falling into the Hawkesbury, and by some stray branches of the Shoal-haven river; while Cumberland has, to supply its wants, the south and east creeks coming from the S. E. to join the Hawkesbury at Windsor, as also the S. W. arm of the latter river terminating in Broken Bay, and George's River passing Liverpool and falling into Botany Bay. Various small streams and chains of ponds are found throughout both; but, generally speaking, these two countries are very defectively watered, and few springs are to be found,—I know indeed of only two within their boundaries,—a circumstance chiefly owing without doubt to the impermeable nature of the clay soil, which prevails so much throughout, neither admitting the rains to filter through into the channels among the understrata, nor

permitting the water that may be contained in these strata from bursting forth.—The compact nature of the understrata, the general dryness of the climate, and irregular intervals at which the rains usually fall, may all end too toward the formation of its present character.

Numbers of gullies worn by the rains are to be found about, in which deep holes have been excavated, at irregular intervals, by the occasional torrents that pour through them, where water is generally contained for a considerable portion, or sometimes the whole of the year.—This water is often brackish, and thence disliked by the cattle, though I have known sheep eagerly drink it in preference to fresh, but the nature of the saline ingredient might in this instance have been different. The brackish water has usually a nauseous sweet taste; but in the fresh-water holes the liquid is good, and much relished by the cattle, as water standing upon clay commonly is. Digging of wells in the country has not, that I am aware of, yet been had recourse to; neither has boring been hitherto tried, although we have an apparatus here for the purpose; but both, I should think, would be found in some measure to answer. The digging deep holes however in these gullies; the puddling them well; and the covering them with a bark-shed, or planting trees round, (to keep the water cool and check its evaporation, by the shade afforded,) must be eligible, and would probably prove a cheaper mode than either sinking or boring, while it would certainly be more convenient for the cattle. I travelled for twelve miles once along one of our main roads, in the height of summer, during a piping-hot north-wester, the country blazing around me,—a temperature being thus kept up almost equalling a baker's oven,—yet I could only obtain one solitary drink of hot muddy water throughout all that distance.—Another time, in crossing through the district of Airds, on asking for a glass of water, the good dame proffered me milk, as a substitute—apologizing for the non-production of the simpler element, as it had to be brought from a distance of two miles, and even then only got in insignificant quantities.—Many fine portions of land throughout the colony are now lying unoccupied on this very account; but as population increases, and capital accumulates, their value will be so advanced, as to tempt individuals to expend a portion of that capital in supplying the lands with water, to render them habitable for both man and beast;—and how many fair portions of England would at this very time have been just as badly off, if digging, boring, and pond-making, had not been had recourse to! There is certainly a considerable portion of saline matter in most lands throughout the colony. You will see it often, in dry weather, lying like a hoar-frost upon the ground in the vicinity of ponds; while in the burning of the stumps, it covers the outside of the earth-kiln with a thin powdery efflorescence. The water in some of the ponds presented distinctly to me the sweetish astringent taste of alum; but regarding the powder I cannot positively speak.

In Cumberland, the land immediately bordering upon the coast is of a light, barren, sandy nature, thinly besprinkled with stunted bushes; while, from ten to fifteen miles interiorly, it consists of a poor clayey or ironstone soil, thickly covered with our usual evergreen forest timber and underwood. Beyond this commences a fine timbered country, perfectly clear of brush, through which you might, generally speaking, drive a gig in all directions,

without any impediment in the shape of rocks, scrubs, or close forest. This description of country commences immediately beyond Paramatta on one hand, and Liverpool on the other; stretching in length south-easterly obliquely towards the sea, about forty miles, and varying in breadth near twenty. The soil upon the immediate banks of the rivers is generally rich flooded alluvial, but in the forest partakes commonly of a poor clayey or ironstone nature, yet bearing usually tolerable crops, even without manure, at the outset. In Camden, the Mittagong range runs south-easterly through its whole length, terminating close to the sea in the Illawarra mountain, fifty miles south of Sydney, down the steep side whereof passes the rugged bridle road to the beautiful, fertile, and romantic district of Five Islands, or Illawara. From this range occupying so much of its interior, the quantity of land in Camden capable of cultivation is not very great, though making up tolerably by its richness for deficiency of extent; but the pasture land therein is not exceeded in quality by any in the colony.

The following account of Mr. Macarthey's sheep farm will serve to show the beautiful pasture scenes with which New South Wales may probably soon be covered:—

The road towards Argyle runs straight forward from this, over the Razor-back hill; but by turning to the left about four miles, you come to Camden, the great agricultural and sheep farm of Mr. John Macarthur, to whom New South Wales owes so much, as the patriotic introducer of the fine-woolled sheep-husbandry, from which, in fact, this colony has derived nearly all the celebrity it now enjoys. New South Wales and Merino wool are so intimately associated, that I never spoke of the first to a stranger but he started the subject of Merino wool immediately after as a sort of matter of course. It is this product alone which has mainly elevated the name of the colony, from being considered as merely appertaining to the reservoir for all the criminal feculence of England, to the proud station it now occupies. The cottage and out-buildings occupy a rising hill about half a mile from the river; a small stream, with ponds at intervals along its bed, stealing quietly through the narrow hollow you have to cross in reaching the house. Mr. Macarthur's property in this county in grants and purchases exceeds thirty thousand acres, all lying contiguous, and consisting chiefly of undulating thinly-wooded hills covered with a sward of fine dry native pasture, with alluvial plains towards the margin of the river of the most fertile description, producing wheat equaling in quality and quantity the best in England, and maize of the most luxuriant growth. About four hundred acres adjoining the river were originally clear of timber, and being intersected with ponds, having no ready outlet for the discharge of their waters, this portion was always considerably flooded in every heavy fall of rain, and the whole bore much the appearance of a rich English meadow. Here a herd of wild cattle (originating from a stray bull and two cows,) was first discovered by a runaway convict, and backwards from this the largest herds are still found. It was this circumstance which suggested to the acute mind of Mr. Macarthur the idea of selecting a grant here,—conceiving that cattle, being the best judges of their own food, would naturally graze upon the land which produced it in greatest abundance and most suitable to their taste. A forty miles' remove from Sydney, through a

line of country where no human habitations were then fixed, was, in those days, counted such a piece of thoughtless boldness, that some pitied and most laughed at Mr. Macarthur, for taking the step: but perceiving, ere long, the rapid increase of his stock in these fine pastures, where all had free range of food without being crippled by a neighbour's encroachments,—they soon saw it was true wisdom on his part, and that the folly rested only with themselves.

It was while ruminating deeply on the future prospects of his adopted country, that Mr. Macarthur was led to conceive the Merino sheep-husbandry as peculiarly suitable to it. He knew that in order to import, it must export too; and what that export should be, became the matter of consideration. Its natural productions afforded no hopes of realising his wishes on that head, and towards artificial resources his views were therefore directed. He considered what England could not produce, and what this country could. Almost all England's great wants he saw provided for, either within her own territory or that of her other colonies, excepting the article of fine wool, for which she had to depend upon a foreign country, and that country her enemy. This decided the point. Here, he saw, was an article which neither England nor any of her other colonies could produce; and its cultivation (while it did not enter into hostile competition with any of the home or colonial productions of Great Britain,) would place her independent of the precarious resource of foreign supply. The fine, dry, pastoral nature of the country,—wherein he saw the coarsest fleeces sensibly ameliorated,—all tended to confirm him in his resolve; and we now reap the valuable effects of his sound reasoning and discernment.

From three ewes and a ram, with which he began the breed, his stock of pure Merinos exceeds now two thousand, and from their produce he has sold upwards of forty rams annually, these, many years back, at an average of £17. sterling per head, besides improving his other flocks by crossing, until many of the cross-breeds are quite equal to the pure bloods. Mr. Macarthur has been for some years experimentalizing to increase both the quantity and quality of his fleeces, by selecting the largest and finest ewes and rams, and keeping up a distinct breed therefrom; and there can be no doubt that this experiment, founded on sound deductions, will prove eminently successful. All breeds naturally deteriorate at first in a new country, because we look then more to numbers than individual value; it is only when land becomes more valuable, and capital accumulates, that people find their interest in attending to the amelioration of the breeds.

Neither has the breed of horses and cattle passed unnoticed by Mr. Macarthur; his cattle partaking much of the Devon peculiarities, being mostly of a deep red with large spreading horns, and appearing to answer this climate particularly well, from being hardy feeders; fattening easily; giving a good supply of milk; and standing well, as working oxen, the fatigue of farm labour.—A thriving vineyard is seen planted upon the face of a rising ground, with an eastern exposure, from which a progressive quantity of wine is yearly making; while a patch of the various English grasses, cultivated in rows for seed, occupies a site nearer to the river. An excellent pack of fox-hounds are also kept here, affording much enlivening sport when opening in chorus after a native dog. You command a very extensive and delightful view from some of the rising grounds, the numerous

cleared farms on the opposite side of the river, in front and to the right, presenting a picturesque and most exhilarating appearance, while to the left you behold Kirkham, the residence of Mr. Oxley, (which you had previously passed,) and the various thriving farms in that neighbourhood. This view will give you an idea how interesting the appearance of this country will be when the native woods have been hewn down, and cultivation has extended and enriched the beauty of our prospects; the general undulating surface, to the outline of which a suddenly rising hill here and there imparts a bolder tone, being bounded, at distant and irregular intervals, by abrupt woody ridges of moderate elevation.

The remaining portion of the first volume is taken up with an account of the diseases prevalent in this place, of its climate and natural productions, making on the whole a very complete description of Australia.

The Orlando Furioso. Translated into English Verse, from the Italian of Ludovico Ariosto, with Notes. By WILLIAM STEWART ROSE. 8vo. pp. 315. London, 1827. Murray.

Our readers are already too well acquainted with Mr. Rose's translation from the four preceding volumes to make any observations on the general merits of the work necessary. It is, therefore, sufficient for us to say, that the fifth volume presents the English reader with the same faithful yet beautiful transcript of Ariosto's brilliant imaginations as its predecessors. The following extract will, however, afford the best proof that Mr. Rose has not fallen off in his exertions or ability. It is from the description of the battle, in the twenty-seventh book, in which Charles was defeated, and obliged to flee to Paris:—

'Where thickest camped lay Charles's host, they spurred,
Closing their files against the Christian foe.
"Afric and Spain!" is the assailants' word,
Whom at all points the Franks for paynims know.
—"To arms, to arms!" throughout their camp is heard:
But first is felt the Moorish sabre's blow:
Even on the rear-guard falls the vengeful stroke,
Not charged alone, but routed, beat, and broke.

'The Christian host throughout is overthrown,
And how they know not, in tumultuous wise;
And that it is a wonted insult done
By Switzer or by Gascon, some surmise;
But—since the reason is to most unknown—
Each several nation to its standard flies,
This to the drum, that to the trumpet's sound,
And shriek and shout from earth to heaven redound.

'All armed is Charlemagne, except his head,
And, girt with paladins, his faithful stay,
Arrived demanding what alarm has bred
Disorder in his host and disarray;
And stopt with menace this or that who fled,
And many fugitives, upon their way,
Some with maimed face, breast, arm, or hand, espied,
And some with head or throat with life-blood dyed.

'Advancing, he on earth saw many more,
Or rather in a lake of crimson laid,

Horribly weltering in their own dark gore,
Beyond the leech's and magician's aid;
And busts dis severed from the heads they bore,

And legs and arms—a cruel show—surveyed;
And, from the first cantonments to the last,
Saw slaughtered men on all sides as he past.

'Where the small band advances in such wise,
Deserving well eternal praise to gain,
Vouching their deeds, a long-drawn furrow lies,

A signal record of their might and main.
His army's cruel slaughter, with surprise,
Anger and rage, is viewed by Charlemagne.
So he whose shattered walls have felt its force,

Throughout his mansion tracks the lightning's course.

'Not to the ramparts of the paynim crew
Of Agramant as yet had pierced this aid,
When, on the further side, those other two,
Rogero and Marphisa, thither made.
When, once or twice, that worthy pair a view
Have taken of the ground, and have surveyed

The readiest way assistance to afford,
They swiftly move in succour of their lord.

'As when we spark to loaded mine apply,
Through the long furrow, filled with sable grain,
So fast the furious wildfire darts, that eye
Pursues the progress of the flash with pain;
And as dire ruin follows, and from high,
The loosened rock and solid bastion rain,
So bold Rogero and Marphisa rush
To battle, so the Christian squadrons crush.

'Front and askance, the assailants smote, and low
On earth heads, arms, and severed shoulders lay,
Where'er the Christian squadrons were too slow
To free the path and break their close array.
Whoe'er has seen the passing tempest blow,
And of the hill or valley, in its way,
One portion ravage and another leave,
May so their course amid that host conceive.

'Many who had escaped by quick retreat,
Rodomont and those other furious three,
Thank God that he had given them legs and feet,
Wherewith to fly from that calamity;
And from the child and damsel new defeat
Encounter, while with headlong course they flee:
As man, no matter if he stand or run,
Seeks vainly his predestined doom to shun.

'Who 'scape one peril, into other fly,
And pay the penalty of flesh and blood;
So, by the teeth of dog, is wont to die
The fox, together with her infant brood,
By one who dwells her ancient cavern nigh
Unearthed, and with a thousand blows pursued;
When from some unsuspected place, that foe
Has filled with fire and smoke the den below.

'Marphisa and the Child, of danger clear,
Enter the paynim ramparts; and, with eyes
Upturned, the Saracens, with humble cheer,
Thank Heaven for the success of that enterprise:
The paladins no longer are their fear;
The meanest Moor a hundred Franks defies;
And 'tis resolved, without repose, again
To drench with Christian blood the thirsty plain.

'At once a formidable larum rose;
Horns, drums, and shrilling clarions filled
the skies;
And the wind ruffles as it comes and goes,
Banner and gonfalon of various dyes.
The Germans and the warlike Bretons close;
Ranged on the other part, in martial wise,
Italians, English, French, were seen, and
through
Those armies furious war blazed forth anew.
'The force of the redoubted Rodomont,
And that of Agrican's infuriate son,
That of Rogero, valour's copious font,
Gradasso's, so renowned for trophies won,
The martial maid, Marphisa's fearless front,
And might of Sacripant, excelled by none,
Made Charles upon Saint John and Denys
call,
And fly for shelter to his Paris wall.
'Of fierce Marphisa and her bold allies
The unconquered daring and the wondrous
might,
Sir, was not of a nature—of a guise—
To be conceived, much less described aright:
The number slaughtered hence may you sur-
mise!
What cruel blow King Charles sustained in
fight!
Add to these warriors of illustrious name,
More than one Moor with Ferrau known to
Fame.
'Many through reckless haste were drowned in
Seine,
For all too narrow was the bridge's floor,
And wished, like Icarus, for wings in vain,
Having grim death behind them and before.
Save Oliver, and Ogier hight the Dane,
The paladins are prisoners to the Moor:
Wounded beneath his better shoulder fled
The first, that other with a broken head.
'And, like Orlando and Duke Aymon's son,
Had faithful Brandimart thrown up the
game,
Charles had from Paris into exile gone,
If he had 'scaped alive so fierce a flame.
Brandimart does his best, and when 'tis done
Yields to the storm: thus Fortune, fickle
dame,
Now smiles upon the paynim monarch, who
Besieges royal Charlemagne anew.
'From earth beneath the widow's outcry swells,
Mingled with elder's and with orphan's
prayer,
Into the pure serene, where Michael dwells,
Rising above this dim and troubled air;
And to the blest archangel loudly tells,
How the devouring wolf and raven tear
His faithful English, French, and German
train,
Whose slaughtered bodies overspread the
plain.'

Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest:
being an attempt to illustrate the first Prin-
ciples of Natural Philosophy by the Aid of
popular Toys and Sports. 3 vols. 12mo.
Longman and Co. 1827.

AMONG the extraordinary improvements of
this extraordinary age, we know not any
which can compete with those connected
with education. We remember, even to the
present hour—nay, we sigh over—the morn-
ing toil and evening gloom of our scholastic
days, when we were doomed to explore (un-
der terror of the fasces) the obscurities of
elemental science, through all those laby-
rinths and barriers which our pious forefathers

(peace to their manes) thought proper to
erect in order to guard the statue of Minerva,
but which barriers, in reality, served to 'make
darkness visible;' or, as our transatlantic
friends would call it, enabled us 'to progress
backwards.'

It is certain, that if the business of educa-
tion be 'to rear the tender thought, and
teach the young idea how to shoot,' nothing
can be better calculated to make us shoot
wide of the mark, than the drudgery and
gravity of many of our formal schools! But
a brighter era dawns on us. The rising ge-
neration must eclipse their sires in all the
essential points of human economy. Though
a competent knowledge of the dead languages
is indispensable to the character of an English
gentleman, yet a general knowledge of the
physical properties of matter, and of practical
science, is of infinitely greater importance to
nine-tenths of the inhabitants of these favour-
ed isles.—We shall illustrate our remarks,
by calling the attention of our readers to one
of the most meritorious little works which
the press has issued during the present sea-
son. 'Philosophy in Sport' is really a
sportive performance.

The author in his preface (which is play-
fully and beautifully written) tells us, that—

'The object of the present work is to incul-
cate that early love of science which can never
be derived from the sterner productions. Youth
is naturally addicted to amusement, and in this
item his expenditure too often exceeds his al-
lotted income. I have therefore taken the li-
berty to draw a draft upon philosophy, with
the full assurance that it will be gratefully re-
paid, with compound interest, ten years after
date.'

In defence of the conversational style
adopted by the author of this little work, he
justly observes:—

'If scientific dialogues are less popular in
our times than they were in ancient days, it
must be attributed to the frigid and insipid
manner in which they have too frequently been
executed. The introduction of a person of
humour to enliven the discourse is sanctioned
by the highest authority. Cæsar is thus in-
troduced by Cicero, and Cynthia by Addison.
In the introduction of Mr. Twaddleton, Major
Snapwell, and Miss Ryland, I am well aware
of the criticisms to which I have exposed my-
self. I have amused my fancy with a freedom
and latitude, for which probably there is no
precedent in a scientific work. I have even
ventured so far to deviate from the beaten
track as to skirmish upon the frontiers of the
novelist, and to bring off captive some of the
artillery of romance. But if by so doing I
have enhanced the interest of my work, and
furthered the accomplishment of its object, let
me entreat, that mere novelty may not be
urged to my disparagement.'

We can assure our lively author, that he has
nothing to fear on this head. His wit is agree-
able, and his characters are well discriminated.
The prejudices of the worthy vicar (Mr. Twad-
dleton) in favour of the ancient classics, and
against what is called 'the march of intellect'
among the labouring classes, are finely con-
trasted by the amiable and unobtrusive cha-
racter of the village pastor, and by the weight
of argument, and great variety of facts and
experiments brought forward by the Precep-

tor (Mr. Seymour) in support of the utility
of inculcating scientific instruction through
the medium of amusement.

'When an occupation,' says he, 'agreeably
interests the understanding, imagination, or
passions of children, it is what is commonly
understood by what is called *play*, or *sport*;
whereas, that which is not accompanied with
such associations, and yet may be necessary
for their future welfare, is properly enough
designated as a *task*.'

He then proceeds to enumerate all the va-
rious principles and properties of matter
which can be demonstrated by the action of
the several toys and sports of our juvenile
days, but for which we must refer our readers
to the work itself. As a copious explanation
of many departments of natural philosophy
would be incompatible with the brevity in-
separable from the colloquial style, the au-
thor has given such explanations as were
deemed necessary, in the form of Addenda.
The scientific information conveyed in these
notes is at the same time highly entertaining
and instructive, and proves the anonymous
author to be a man equally at home among
the fields of literature as in the depths of
science*. But while we enumerate merits, we
are also bound in critical justice to notice de-
fects. Though it may possibly afford a certain
part of the community some amusement to find
the arrows of satire and ridicule shot at that
portion of the more amiable sex who are
destined to celibacy, yet we cannot exactly
reconcile the practice with good taste, more
especially when it is introduced extraneous
to the professed object of the work. We
would likewise enter our protest against the
constant succession of punning which per-
vades the character of Seymour. An occa-
sional pun is a great relief to dialogue, but
we may have too much of a good thing.

With the above exceptions, however, we
may venture to recommend 'Philosophy in
Sport' as one of the most valuable little
works which can be placed in the juvenile
library.

WALPOLE'S ANECDOTES OF PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

(Continued from p. 457.)

The name of Lely is almost as familiar to
the English as that of Reynolds; indeed,
the memory of this distinguished foreigner,
as well as that of the still more illustrious
Vandyck, is so interwoven with the history
of the arts of our country, that it is difficult
to separate them. The age in which each
flourished is perhaps the most interesting in
the annals of the British empire. The latter
part, however, is best known, as under the
reign of Charles the Second, the period of
which this volume particularly treats, was
prolific of authors, whose lively descriptions
of this gay, thoughtless sovereign, enable us
to judge of the persons who made a figure
therein, almost as truly as though we had
lived in their day. Nothing that we remem-
ber to have read in the voluminous biogra-
phical records that have appeared for the last
three hundred years, can be compared for
spirit and truth with the portrait of this

* We must also award unqualified praise to the
spirited little wood-cuts which adorn these volumes.

painter, thus ably sketched by the pen of Mr. Walpole. We shall, however, ably as this is drawn, previously lay before our readers the author's excellent observations upon the state of the arts in this reign, and thus prepare them for the account of this eminent and most prosperous painter.

"The arts were in a manner expelled with the royal family from Britain. The anecdotes of a civil war are the history of destruction. In all ages the mob have vented their hatred to tyrants on the pomp of tyranny. The magnificence the people have envied, they grow to detest, and mistaking consequences for causes, the first objects of their fury are the palaces of their masters. If religion is thrown into the quarrel, the most innocent are catalogued with sins. This was the case in the contests between Charles and his parliament. As he had blended affection to the sciences with a lust of power, nonsense and ignorance were adopted into the liberties of the subject. Painting became idolatry; monuments were deemed carnal pride, and a venerable cathedral seemed equally contradictory to Magna Charta and the Bible. Learning and wit were construed to be so heathen, that one would have thought the Holy Ghost could endure nothing above a pun. What the fury of Henry VIII. had spared, was condemned by the puritans; ruin was their harvest, and they gleaned after the reformers. Had they countenanced any of the softer arts, what could those arts have represented? How picturesque was the figure of an anabaptist? But sectaries have no ostensible enjoyments; their pleasures are private, comfortable, and gross. The arts that civilize society are not calculated for men who mean to rise on the ruins of established order. Jargon and austerities are the weapons that best serve the purposes of heresiarchs and innovators. The sciences have been excommunicated from the Gnostics to Mr. Whitfield.

"The restoration of royalty brought back the arts, not taste. Charles II. had a turn to mechanics, none to the politer sciences. He had learned to draw in his youth; in the imperial library at Vienna is a view of the isle of Jersey, designed by him; but he was too indolent even to amuse himself. He introduced the fashions of the court of France, without its elegance. He had seen Louis XIV. countenance Corneille, Moliere, Boileau, Le Sueur, who forming themselves on the models of the ancients, seemed by the purity of their writings to have studied only in Sparta. Charles found as much genius at home, but how licentious, how indelicate was the style he permitted or demanded! Dryden's tragedies are a compound of bombast and heroic obscenity, inclosed in the most beautiful numbers. If Wycherley had nature, it is nature stark naked. The painters of that time veiled it but little more; Sir Peter Lely scarce saves appearances but by a bit of fringe or embroidery. His nymphs, generally reposed on the turf, are too wanton and too magnificent to be taken for any thing but maids of honour. Yet fantastic as his compositions seem, they were pretty much in the dress of the times, as is evident by a puritan tract published in 1678, and intitled, "Just and Reasonable Reprehensions of Naked Breasts and Shoulders." The court had gone a good way beyond the fashion of the preceding reign, when the gallantry in vogue was to wear a lock of some favourite object; and yet Prynne had thought that mode so damnable, that he published an absurd piece

against it, called, "The Unloveliness of Love-locks."

"The sectaries, in opposition to the king, had run into the extreme against politeness: the new court, to indemnify themselves and mark aversion to their rigid adversaries, took the other extreme. Elegance and delicacy were the point from which both sides started different ways; and taste was as little sought by men of wit, as by those who called themselves the men of God. The latter thought that to demolish was to reform; the others, that ridicule was the only rational corrective; and thus while one party destroyed all order, and the other gave a loose to disorder, no wonder the age produced scarce any work of art, that was worthy of being preserved by posterity. Yet in a history of the arts, as in other histories, the times of confusion and barbarism must have their place to preserve the connection, and to ascertain the ebb and flow of genius. One likes to see through what clouds broke forth the age of Augustus. The pages that follow will present the reader with few memorable names; the number must atone for merit, if that can be thought any atonement."

'SIR PETER LE LY.
Born 1617, died 1680.

"Not only the most capital painter of this reign, but whose works are admitted amongst the classics of the art, was born at Soest in Westphalia, where his father, a captain of foot, was in garrison. His name was Vander Vaas, but being born at the Hague in a perfumer's shop, the sign of the Lily, he received the appellation of Captain Du Lys or Lely, which became the proper name of the son. He received his first instructions in painting from one De Grebber, and began with landscape and historic figures less than life; but coming to England in 1641, and seeing the works of Vandyck, he quitted his former style and former subjects, and gave himself wholly to portraits in emulation of that great man. His success was considerable, though not equal to his ambition; if in nothing but simplicity, he fell short of his model, as Statius or Claudian did of Virgil. If Vandyck's portraits are often tame and spiritless, at least they are natural. His laboured draperies flow with ease, and not a fold but is placed with propriety. Lely supplied the want of taste with clinquant; his nymphs trait fringes and embroidery through meadows and purling streams. Add, that Vandyck's habits are those of the times; Lely's a sort of fantastic night-gowns, fastened with a single pin. The latter was in truth the ladies' painter; and whether the age improved in beauty or in flattery, Lely's women are certainly much handsomer than those of Vandyck. They please as much more, as they evidently meant to please; he caught the reigning character, and

"— on animated canvass stole

The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul."—Pope. I don't know whether even in softness of the flesh he did not excel his predecessor. The beauties at Windsor are the court of Paphos, and ought to be engraved for the memoirs of its charming historiographer, Count Hamilton. In the portraits of men, which he seldomer painted, Lely scarce came up to Sir Antony; yet there is a whole-length of Horatio lord Townshend by the former, at Rainham, which yields to few of the latter.

"At Lord Northumberland's, at Sion, is a remarkable picture of King Charles I. holding a letter, directed, "au roi monseigneur," and the Duke of York et. 14, presenting a penknife to him to cut the strings. It was drawn at Hamp-

ton Court, when the king was last there, by Mr. Lely, who was earnestly recommended to him. I should have taken it for the hand of Fuller or Dobson. It is certainly very unlike Sir Peter's latter manner, and is stronger than his former. The king has none of the melancholy grace which Vandyck alone, of all his painters, always gave him. It has a sterner countenance, and expressive of the tempests he had experienced.

"Lely drew the rising sun, as well as the setting. Captain Winde told Sheffield duke of Buckingham that Oliver certainly sat to him, and while sitting, said to him, "Mr. Lely, I desire you would use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and every thing as you see me, otherwise I never will pay a farthing for it."

"It would be endless to recapitulate the works of this master; though so many have merit, few are admirable or curious enough to be particularized. They are generally portraits to the knees, and most of them, as I have said, of ladies. Few of his historic pieces are known; at Windsor is a Magdalen, and a naked Venus asleep; the Duke of Devonshire has one, the story of Jupiter and Europa; Lord Pomfret had that of Cimon and Iphigenia, and at Burleigh is Susanna with the two Elders. In Streater's sale was a Holy Family, a sketch in black and white, which sold for five pounds; and Vertue mentions and commends another, a Bacchanal of four or five naked boys sitting on a tub, the wine running out; with his mark P. Lens made a mezzotinto from a Judgment of Paris, by him; another was of Susanna and the Elders. His designs are not more common; they are in Indian ink, heightened with white. He sometimes painted in crayons, and well; I have his own head by himself; Mr. Methuen has Sir Peter's and his family in oil. They represent a concert in a landscape. A few heads are known by him in water-colours, boldly and strongly painted; they generally have his cypher to them.

"He was knighted by Charles II. and married a beautiful English woman of family, but her name is not recorded. In town he lived in Drury Lane, in the summer at Kew, and always kept a handsome table. His collection of pictures and drawings was magnificent; he purchased many of Vandyck's and the Earl of Arundel's; and the second Villiers pawned many to him, that had remained of his father the Duke of Buckingham's. This collection, after Sir Peter's death, was sold by auction, which lasted forty days, and produced £26,000. He left besides an estate in land of £900 a-year. The drawings he had collected may be known by his initial letters P. L.

"In 1678, Lely encouraged one Freres, a painter of history, who had been in Italy, to come from Holland. He expected to be employed at Windsor, but finding Verrio preferred, returned to his own country. Sir Peter had disgusts of the same kind from Simon Vareist, patronized by the Duke of Buckingham; from Gascar who was brought over by the Duchess of Portsmouth; and from the rising merit of Kneller, whom the French author I have mentioned, sets with little reason far below Sir Peter. Both had too little variety in airs of heads; Kneller was bolder and more careless, Lely more delicate in finishing. The latter showed by his pains how high he could arrive. It is plain that if Sir Godfrey had painted much less and applied more, he would have been the greatest master. This perhaps is as true a pa-

rallel, as the French author's, who thinks that Kneller might have disputed with Lely in the beauty of his head of hair. Descamps is so weak as to impute Sir Peter's death to his jealousy of Kneller, though he owns it was almost sudden; an account which is almost nonsense, especially as he adds that Lely's physician, who knew not the cause of his malady, heightened it by repetitions of Kneller's success. It was an extraordinary kind of sudden death!

'Sir Peter Lely died of apoplexy as he was drawing the Duchess of Somerset, 1680, and in the sixty-third year of his age. He was buried in the church of Covent Garden, where is a monument with his bust, carved by Gibbons, and a Latin epitaph by Flatman.'

ARNOTT'S ELEMENTS OF PHYSICS. (Continued from p. 454.)

FOR the gratification of our readers, we shall extract a few more passages from this interesting work:—

Centre of gravity, in reference to sea-sickness.—This is a subject closely related to the present. Man requiring so strictly to maintain his perpendicularity, that is, to keep the centre of gravity always over the support of his body, ascertains the required position in various ways, but chiefly by the perpendicularity or known position of things about him. Vertigo, and sickness commonly called sea-sickness, because it most frequently occurs at sea, are the consequences of depriving him of his standards of comparison, or of disturbing them.

'Hence on shipboard, where the lines of the masts, windows, furniture, &c. are constantly changing, sickness, vertigo, and other affections of the same class are common to persons unaccustomed to ships. Many experience similar effects in carriages, and in swings, or on looking from a lofty precipice, where known objects being distant, and viewed under a new aspect, are not so readily recognized: also in walking on a wall or roof, in looking directly up to a roof, or to the stars in the zenith, because, then, all standards disappear: on walking into a round room, where there are no perpendicular lines of light and shade, as when the walls and roof are covered with a spotted paper without regular arrangement of spot:—on turning round, as in waltzing, or on a wheel; because the eye is not then allowed to rest on the standards, &c.

'At night, or by blind people, standards belonging to the sense of touch are used; and it is because on board ship, the standards both of sight and of touch are lost, that the effect is so very remarkable.

'But sea-sickness also partly depends on the irregular pressure of the bowels against the diaphragm, as their inertia or weight varies with the rising and falling of the ship.

'From the nature of sea-sickness, as discovered in all these facts, it is seen why persons unaccustomed to the motion of a ship, often find relief in keeping their eyes directed to the fixed shore, where it is visible; or in lying down on their backs and shutting their eyes; or in taking such a dose of exhilarating drink as shall diminish their sensibility to all objects of external sense.'

Grace of Carriage.—This requires not only a perfect freedom of motion, but also a firmness of step, or constant steady bearing of the centre of gravity over the base. It is usually possessed by those who live in the country, and according to nature, as it is called, and who take much and varied exercise. What a contrast is

there between the gait of the active mountaineer, rejoicing in the consciousness of perfect nature; and of the mechanic or shopkeeper, whose life is spent in the cell of his trade, and whose body soon receives a shape and air that correspond to this!—and in the softer sex, what a contrast is there, between her who recalls to us the fabled Diana of old, and that other, who has scarcely trodden but on smooth pavements or carpets, and who, under any new circumstances, carries her person as awkwardly as something to the management of which she is not accustomed.'

Rail Roads.—We conceive the author's views indeed extravagant on this subject; but our readers shall judge. His introductory observations are excellent:—

'In reviewing the history of the human race, we find every remarkable increase in civilization to have taken place very much in proportion to the facilities of intercourse enjoyed in particular situations: first, therefore, civilization grew along the banks of great rivers, as the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Ganges; or along the shores of inland seas and the archipelagos, as in the Mediterranean and the numerous islands of Greece; or over fertile and extended plains, as in many parts of India. The reason is obvious. When the situation thus binds a number of individuals into one body, the useful thought or action of any one unusually gifted, and which, in the insulated state, would soon be forgotten and lost, extends its influence immediately to the whole body, and becomes the thought or action of every one under the same circumstances: it is recorded for ever, as part of the growing science or art of the community. And in a numerous society, such useful thoughts and acts are more frequent, because an emulation arises in all the pursuits that can contribute to the well-being of the society, from each individual feeling that he has the eyes of a multitude upon him, and that the rewards of excellence will be proportionally great. Men soon learn to estimate aright these and many other advantages of easy intercourse: and after having seized with avidity all the stations peculiarly fitted by nature for their purposes, they begin to make new stations themselves, and to improve upon the old; they create rivers and shores and plains of their own, that is, they construct canals and basins and roads, and thus connect districts which nature seemed to have separated for ever. In the British isles, whose favoured children have so proudly taken the lead in showing the prodigies which wise policy may effect, the advantages arising from certain lines of canal and road first executed, soon led to numberless similar enterprizes, and within half a century the empire has become intersected in all directions; but it seems as if the noble work were yet to be crowned by what will eclipse all that has yet been done, viz. by the substitution above-mentioned of level rail-roads for many of the common roads and canals. Several rail-ways of considerable extent have already been established, and although they and the carriages upon them are far from having the perfection which philosophy says they will easily admit, the results have been most satisfactory. If we suppose the price of transporting things and persons from place to place reduced by them to a fourth of the present charge—and in many cases it will be much less—and if we suppose the time of journeying with safety, reduced in some corresponding degree, and of this there is as little doubt—the general introduction of

such means of transport would effect a greater revolution and improvement in the state of society, than perhaps any other single circumstance that can be mentioned. Without, in reality, changing the distances of places, it would have the effect of bringing all parts nearer to each other, and would give to the whole kingdom the conveniences of both town and country. In any one part, a man might consider himself as very near to any other part, for at the expense of as little time and money as he now spends to go a short distance, he might go a long one. The over-crowded and unhealthy parts of towns would immediately scatter their inhabitants to the country; for a man, with such cheap and speedy conveyance at his command, would be as near his business, although living several miles off, as he is now in an adjoining street. A man living in the remote mountains might consider the ocean as only beyond the nearest hill, for he would only have to wish it, and he would be there. In like manner, the inhabitant of the coast, for a very small sacrifice, might visit the counties of the interior. The present heavy charges for bringing produce to market from great distances being thus nearly saved, the buyer every where would purchase cheaper, and the producer would still be better remunerated. In a word, such a change would arise as if the whole of Britain had been compressed by magic into a circle of a few miles in diameter, yet without any single part losing the least of its magnitude or beauties; and the sea would be but a little way south of the metropolis, and Edinburgh but a little way north, and the mountains of Wales but a little way to the west. At the opening of the rail-road, near Darlington, last year, a train of loaded carriages was dragged along by one little steam-engine, a distance of twenty-five miles within two hours; in some parts of the journey the speed was more than twenty miles an hour. The whole load was nearly equal to a regiment of soldiers, and the coal expended was under the value of a crown. An island with such roads would be an impregnable fortress; for in less time than an enemy would require to disembark on any part of the coast, the forces of the country might be concentrated to defend it.'

Canals.—The cutting of canals is one of the great items in the mass of modern improvement, and both marks and hastens the progress of civilization. Adverting to the importance of easy intercourse, as explained in a former section, we need only say here, that a horse draws one ton with difficulty on our best roads but can draw thirty tons with the same speed in a canal boat.

'And what a glorious triumph to science and art it is, to be able to conduct vessels of all kinds, even those originally intended for the ocean surge alone, through the quiet valleys of an interior country! In Scotland, at present, along the Caledonian Canal, a noble frigate may be seen, wandering as it were, among the inland solitudes, and displaying her grace and majesty to the astonished gaze of the mountain shepherd; and having traversed the kingdom, and visited the lonely lakes, whose waters until now had only borne the skiff of the hunter, she descends again by the steps of the liquid stair, and safely resumes her usual place among the waves.

'It is in contemplation at present to lead a ship canal across the isthmus which joins North and South America. The elevation to which the canal must reach to surmount the central ridge is considerable, and will increase the dif-

faculty; but such important consequences would follow the accomplishment of the object, that with the continuance of general peace, and the increase of political wisdom, it will probably be attained. If so, the loaded vessel, rising from the Atlantic, would soon be descried among the mountain heights, and a little after would be safely delivered to a port of the opposite sea, having performed in a few hours, by a near cut, a voyage which at present costs months of delay and hazard, in a tedious navigation round the whole southern continent.

'And if the Red Sea and Mediterranean were joined in the same way, as has also been proposed, it would, in effect, bring India near to Europe, and would more and more strengthen the bonds of mutual utility and brotherhood among the nations of the earth*. Then, indeed, might it be said most truly, that the whole earth is a garden, which has been given to man as his abode, where every spot has its peculiar sweets and treasures; and the cultivator of each exchanging a share of what he produces for shares in return from others: the same general result follows, as if every field or farm contained within itself the climates and soils and capabilities of the whole earth.'

'Ice.—It is a general truth in nature, that things contract in size as they cool. There is, however, in water, a curious exception to this rule, which, operating through the principle of specific gravities, effects a most important purpose in the economy of nature. Solid water, or ice, is lighter than an equal bulk of liquid water, and therefore floats on the surface. Now ice being a very bad conductor of heat, defends the water underneath from the cold air, and preserves it, therefore, in its liquid and useful state, until the return of the mild season. Thus, in ice and snow, nature has prepared a winter garb for the lakes and rivers, as complete and effectual as she has for the tribes of animals, by the periodical thickening of their wool or fur. Had ice become heavier than water, and had it consequently fallen to the bottom, and left the surface without protection, a deep lake might have been frozen in European winters, and have formed a solid mass, which summer suns would no more have melted than they now do the glaciers of Switzerland. But for this important exception, therefore, to a general law of nature, many of the now most fertile and lovely portions of the earth's surface would have remained barren and uninhabited wastes.'

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

(Concluded from page 461.)

NAPOLEON had just been driven from the throne for having opposed the opinions of his time, by the exercise of arbitrary power. Louis XVIII. on the contrary, after twenty-three years of exile, regained his crown by the promulgation of *La Charte*, and by offering to the French, with the peace, liberty, equality, justice, and a general amnesty.

So long as this monarch remained faithful to his promises, and forgot the storms that were past; so long as he respected the new gloires, and did not attempt to force the consciences of his subjects; so long as he made no distinction between those who had

* A writer in *The Oriental Herald* for this month is very sanguine on this subject. He considers the character of the present Viceroy of Egypt, Mahomed Ali Pacha, as rather favourable to the design; and dwells at some length on the advantages to be derived from it in a commercial point of view.

emigrated with him, and those who had formed a part of the new empire; so long as he preferred true merit to high birth; so long as he opposed *La Charte* to the impetuous sentiments of those who were lovers of despotism; so long as he acted thus, he obtained the affection and esteem of his subjects. But a prince who succeeds to a throne after a revolution, is like a traveller following an unbeaten track, he ought to be on his guard against imprudent or perfidious guides: the former will bring him back to the point from which he set out—the latter will precipitate him into the abyss. Louis XVIII. yielded to ignorant counsellors, and exile became a second time the lot of the Bourbons.

In order to obtain the assistance of France against the power of Napoleon, which though shaken was not destroyed, the Count d'Artois (Charles X.) had promised the abolition of the conscription, and of *les droits réunis*: but he did not fulfil either of these promises. When desirous of seeing the gates of Paris open to him, Louis XVIII. had announced, in his proclamation of St. Ouen, both liberty and equality; yet scarcely had he reigned a few months, before he established the censorship, and incurred the displeasure of the army, by expelling those illustrious warriors who had shed their blood on twenty fields of battle, and supplying their place with inexperienced young officers and old emigrants. On ascending the throne, he had promised complete oblivion of the past, yet scarcely six months had elapsed since the return of the ancient dynasty, when one of the ministers was heard to assert, that the French, during the course of the Revolution, were nothing better than rebels, and the court were eager to point out and to adorn with funeral pomp the spots which had been the scenes of discord and outrage. Was this the way, we would ask of Sir Walter Scott himself, was this the way to stifle civil hatred, and to reconcile brothers? Tiberius opposed the erection of an altar to Vengeance, declaring that monuments should only commemorate foreign victories, and that domestic troubles should be deplored in silence. The freedom of conscience granted to Protestants was declared against, and these scandalous proceedings were commenced by refusing the rites of burial to the most celebrated actresses of the French theatre. Finally, as if this were not sufficient to excite hatred and mistrust, the aristocracy, which, like the court of Rome, will never abandon its pretensions, threatened six millions of proprietors of the national domains, that they should be dispossessed of a wealth which they had lawfully acquired, and which, notwithstanding the opinion of Sir Walter, that 'the claims of the emigrants for the restoration of their forfeited property were, abstractedly, as just and indubitable as that of the king to the throne,' vol. viii. p. 326, the nation, these emigrants had fought against, had as much right to dispose of as to give or take away crowns. 'When a prince,' says Rousseau, 'no longer governs according to the laws, or usurps the sovereign power, the social compact is broken, and all the simple citizens are by right restored to the liberty of nature; and though they may be

forced into obedience, no obligation subsists.'—Tarquin was very justly driven from Rome; all Denmark applauded the deposition of the tyrannical Christian II.; the members of the four states of Sweden were unanimous in taking the crown from Eric, the son of Gustavus Vasa, and giving it to his brother John; a public proclamation was passed for the dethronement of Henry IV. of Castile; yet we know of no publicist who has ever raised his voice against these acts of sovereignty in the people. 'He,' says Voltaire, 'who constitutes a nation's misfortune, is not fit to be intrusted with government.' Napoleon would never have hazarded one of the most daring enterprises which has signalized history, if Louis XVIII. had continued faithful to *La Charte*. But the royal government had enslaved the liberty of the press, alarmed the national landholders, displeased and outraged the army, threatened and insulted the numerous partisans of the constitutional institutions, and excited a general discontent, which rendered a political catastrophe inevitable. From the island of Elba, Napoleon observed the ferment of the public mind; and, making a pretext of the refusal of government to pay him the yearly pension of two million francs, which had been allowed him by the treaty of Paris, he decided of his own accord, and not, as Sir Walter asserts, in compliance with the invitation of the Jacobins and Bonapartists*, to quit Elba and to invade France.

Leaving Elba secretly at the head of nine hundred of his old soldiers, Napoleon landed on the 1st of March, 1815, in the Gulf of Jauan, on the shores of Provence. Aided by partial defections, he traversed, in six days, nearly seventy-two leagues, of a very mountainous country, and arrived at the walls of Grenoble amidst the salutations of the inhabitants. It was here that the fate of his expedition was to be decided. An immense armed force opposed him, and if a battle took place there, he would inevitably be ruined:—

'As Napoleon approached Grenoble, he came into contact, with the outposts of the garrison, who drew out, but seemed irresolute. Bonaparte halted his own little party, and advanced almost alone, exposing his breast, as he exclaimed, "he who will kill his emperor, let him now work his pleasure." The appeal was irresistible—the soldiers threw down their arms, crowded round the general, who had so often led them to victory, and shouted Vive l'Empereur! In the meanwhile, La Bedoyere, at the head of two battalions, was sallying from the gates of Grenoble. As they advanced, he displayed an eagle, which, like that of Marius, worshipped by the Roman conspirator, had been carefully preserved, to be the type of civil war; at the same time, he distributed among the soldiers the three-coloured cockade, which he had concealed in the hollow of a drum. They were received with enthusiasm. It was in this moment that Marshal de Champ Des Villiers, the superior officer of La Bedoyere, arrived on the spot, alarmed at what was taking place, and expostulated with the young military fa-

* The conspiracy of General Lallemand, which broke out a few days before Napoleon's return, had no connection whatever with that event. The particulars of that conspiracy, which we learnt from General Lallemand himself, contradict the narration of Sir Walter Scott.

natic and the soldiers. He was compelled to retire. General Marchand, the loyal commandant of Grenoble, had as little influence on the troops remaining in the place; they made him prisoner, and delivered up the city to Bonaparte.—Vol. 8, p. 367, 368.

At the head of about eight thousand troops of the line, and thirty pieces of cannon, Napoleon now advanced almost triumphantly upon Lyons:—

‘It was in vain that, at Lyons, Monsieur and the Duke of Orleans, with the assistance of the advice and influence of Mareschal Macdonald, endeavoured to retain the troops in their duty, and the inhabitants in their allegiance to the king. The latter, chiefly manufacturers, afraid of being undersold by those of English in their own market, shouted openly, “Vive l’Empereur!” The troops of the line remained silent and gloomy. “How will your soldiers behave?” said Monsieur, to the colonel of the 13th Dragoons. The colonel referred him to the men themselves. They answered candidly, that they would fight for Napoleon alone. Monsieur dismounted, and addressed the soldiers individually. To one veteran, covered with scars and decorated with medals, the prince said, “a brave soldier, like you, at least, will cry, Vive le Roi!”—“You deceive yourself,” answered the soldier. “No one here will fight against his father—I will cry, Vive Napoleon!” The efforts of Macdonald were equally vain. He endeavoured to move two battalions to oppose the entry of Bonaparte’s advanced guard. So soon as the troops came in presence of each other, they broke their ranks, and mingled together in the general cry of Vive l’Empereur!”—Vol. 8, p. 371, 372.

The march of Napoleon, from Lyons to Paris, was a real triumph. The population on all sides precipitated themselves in his path; he promised liberty, he came to save France from the encroachments of the emigrants, and all hearts were eager to welcome him:—

‘Meantime the two armies approached each other at Melun; that of the king was commanded by the faithful Macdonald. On the 20th, his troops were drawn up in three lines to receive the invaders, who were said to be advancing from Fontainebleau. There was a long pause of suspense, of a nature which seldom fails to render men more accessible to strong and sudden emotion. The glades of the forest, and the acclivity which ascends to it, were full in view of the royal army, but presented the appearance of a deep solitude. All was silence, except when the regimental bands of music, at the command of the officers, who remained generally faithful, played the airs of Vive Henri Quatre,—O, Richard,—La Belle Gabrielle, and other tunes, connected with the cause and family of the Bourbons. The sounds excited no corresponding sentiments among the soldiers. At length, about noon, a galloping of horse was heard. An open carriage appeared, surrounded by a few hussars, and drawn by four horses. It came on at full speed; and Napoleon, jumping from the vehicle, was in the midst of the ranks which had been formed to oppose him. His escort threw themselves from their horses, mingled with their ancient comrades, and the effect of their exhortations was instantaneous on men, whose minds were already half made up to the purpose which they now accomplished. There was a general shout of Vive Napoleon! The last army of the Bourbons passed from their side, and no further ob-

struction existed betwixt Napoleon and the capital, which he was once more—but for a brief space—to inhabit as a sovereign.—Vol. 8, p. 384, 385.

The royalists attempted to excite the provinces against the new sovereign; but the Duke de Bourbon, a virtuous and brave prince, who was sent to put himself at the head of La Vendée, failed in the attempt, and embarked on board an English vessel at Paimbœuf. The Duchess d’Angoulême, a haughty and vindictive princess, after displaying to no purpose a great deal of resolution in support of the royal cause, at Bordeaux, was at length obliged to quit that city. The duke, her husband, a weak indecisive prince, failed on the banks of the Rhone; the Duke of Berry found no partisans in Flanders, and decamped, after six thousand gardes de corps under his command, had been cowardly enough to lower their arms to about three hundred lancers, under the walls of Béthune. Napoleon had the nation on his side, and if he had preserved its attachment, he might have effected a general rising, as at the commencement of the revolution; he might have repulsed the forces of the whole of Europe, if, as he promised, he had brought freedom to France. But no! despotism was his very essence, and his *actes additionnels aux constitutions de l’empire*, manifested his hidden intentions. The people would not support him, and being beaten at the battle of Waterloo, and disconcerted by Lafayette in his projects of dictatorship, having vainly intreated Fouché, who had been betraying him during the last three months, and Davoust, whose unworthy conduct towards his dethroned master, will for ever tarnish his memory, to consent to Napoleon’s placing himself once more as a simple general at the head of the army, which was still attached to him, and with it to defend the capital, there remained no resource for him but to quit France. On reaching Rochefort, he gave himself up to the English, and thus he, who had filled the world with the fame of his renown, who had given and destroyed crowns, who had carried his victorious eagles from the banks of the Tagus to the borders of the Niemen, from the shores of the Nile to the mouth of the Scheldt, was to finish his career in exile and captivity.

Sir Walter Scott describes at great length the action of Waterloo, so glorious for the English arms, but he is mistaken, in attributing the happy result of it entirely to the skill of the Duke of Wellington. He exonerates General Grouchy from the reproaches with which he has been loaded by all the military men who have written about this battle, and who attribute it to his slowness in pursuing the Prussians, all the disasters which befell the French on that day. He says nothing of the treachery of General Bourmont, of the Colonels Clouet and Villoutreys, and of two other officers, who deserted to the enemy on the night of the 14th June, carrying with them the plans of the campaign; and he also passes over in silence the heroic intrepidity of the Emperor Napoleon, whom he represents as basely flying from the field of battle without having drawn a sword, whilst an eye-witness

asserts, that he was among the last who remained there:—

‘A last battalion of reserve, the illustrious and unfortunate remains of the granite column of Marengo had continued unshaken amidst the tumultuous shocks of the army. The emperor retreated to the ranks of these brave fellows, who were still commanded by Cambronne; he made them form into a square, and advanced at their head to face the enemy. All his generals, Ney, Soult, Bertrand, Drouot, Corbineau, De Flahaut, Labédoyère, Gourgaud, &c. took sword in hand, and turned soldiers. The old grenadiers, incapable of trembling for their own lives, became alarmed at the danger which threatened the emperor. They conjured him to go to a distance. “Retire, said one of them to him, you see that death will have nothing to do with you.” But the emperor refused, and commanded them to fire, the officers who surrounded him seized his horse, and drew him away. Cambronne and his brave men crowded around their expiring eagles, and bidding the emperor an eternal farewell; they all at the same moment precipitated themselves into the midst of the enemy, to the cry of Vive l’Empereur.—*Mémoires de 1815, par Fleury de Chaboulon*.—Vol. 2, p. 185-6.

What a difference between this recital and these words of Sir Walter Scott:—

‘At length, on seeing the attacking columns stagger and become confused, his countenance,’ said our informer, became pale as that of a corpse, and muttering to himself, “they are mingled together,” he said to his attendants, “all is lost for the present,” and rode off the field; not stopping or taking refreshment till he reached Charleroi, where he paused for a moment in a meadow, and occupied a tent which had been pitched for his accommodation.”—Vol. 8, p. 496.

Napoleon cannot with justice be accused of wanting courage at the battle of Waterloo. The writer of this review himself beheld him traversing the field of battle and confronting every peril; he saw him on the following morning at Charleroi, and drew near to his person; he was on foot, surrounded by his generals, and contemplating with sorrow the remains of his shattered army, which was retreating in disorder. The real fault of Napoleon, and the one with which Sir Walter does not reproach him, was his not rallying the noble remains of his Waterloo forces under the walls of Laon, where they might have been joined by the rest of the army, and thus have defended Paris from the coalesced powers.

We shall not follow Napoleon in his exile to St. Helena, we will not discuss with Sir Walter Scott, the legality of the precautionary measures which Sir Hudson Lowe deemed it prudent to adopt with his illustrious prisoner, neither shall we recognize as facts all the acts of cruelty and barbarity which the General Gourgaud and the Count de Las Casas have attributed to the English agents. The sufferings of Napoleon were very numerous, but have they not been exaggerated by friendship? And Sir Walter Scott, in endeavouring to exculpate entirely one of his countrymen, has he not been misled by an excess of patriotism? Let us compassionate Napoleon,—in his misfortunes he has a right to our sympathy; let us applaud his warlike qualities by which he raised himself above

the greatest captains; let us commiserate the exiled hero banished from the dominions which he had defended for twenty years; the proscribed husband and father dying in a foreign land, far from all the objects dear to his feelings; but, at the same time, before we censure all the precautionary measures adopted by this government, let us not forget that Napoleon had already fled from Elba, and that without a sceptre, without subjects, without an army, his presence alone would have sufficed to rekindle the war of nations.

A thousand different judgments have been passed upon the character and conduct of this phenomenon of his age. One has been dazzled by the splendour of his victories, another has been blinded by passion, a third instigated by a spirit of detraction. For a long time the voice of sound reasoning was no where to be heard; it seemed as though truth feared to illumine with her flambeau the life of this great man. What was Napoleon?

‘His personal and private character was decidedly amiable, excepting in one particular. His temper, when he received, or thought he received, provocation, especially if of a personal character, was warm and vindictive. He was, however, placable in the case even of his enemies, providing that they submitted to his mercy; but he had not that species of generosity which respects the sincerity of a manly and fair opponent. On the other hand, no one was a more liberal rewarder of the attachment of his friends. He was an excellent husband, a kind relation, and, unless when state policy intervened, a most affectionate brother. General Gourgaud, whose communications were not in every case to Napoleon’s advantage, states him to have been the best of masters, labouring to assist all his domestics wherever it lay in his power, giving them the highest credit for such talents as they actually possessed, and imputing, in some instances, good qualities to such as had them not.’—Vol. 9, page 305.

What did he do with the authority which was placed in his hands? The child of the revolution, he yet soon forgot his mother, and if he embraced liberty for a moment, it was only for the purpose of stuffing it. ‘His object,’ he said, ‘in obtaining power was to consolidate, guarantee, and consecrate the sovereignty of the French people, the one indivisible republic, its safety and possessions.’ Like Henry IV. when he put himself under the guardianship of the notables of the kingdom, this French Cromwell relied upon his sword to free him from his promises, and knew how to use it so as to infringe upon them.

Being proclaimed consul for life and emperor, Napoleon concentrated in himself all authority, established the most absolute government and organised the most intolerable of despotisms. Sir Walter Scott says, ‘he gave to the French a regular government, schools, institutions, courts of justice, and a code of laws.’ To which we reply, he destroyed the ancient jury and substituted a worthless image of it; he annihilated all the means of publishing and established the censorship; he founded no schools, but he established a university favourable to his warlike ambition; he promulgated codes, but that of criminal

instruction is a most infamous act of tyranny; under him eloquence was banished from the tribunals; equality was a deception; liberty a falsehood.

Napoleon corrupted France by honours and rewards; this king of kings required flatterers and a superb court. He it was who established the titles of nobility, who instituted the rights of majority, who raised a new aristocracy more insolent and quite as vain as that of the ancient régime.

It must, however, be confessed that under Napoleon the aristocracy was compelled to be more national, because its chief did not derive his supremacy from foreigners, and because under him every thing was national even to his despotism.

Under him France was great in power and renown, monuments were raised on all sides, the fine arts were protected, commerce flourished, bravery was rewarded. . . . But under the conqueror of Europe the French themselves became subjugated; Napoleon tried to make of the sons of the revolution the first slaves in the universe; Napoleon fell, and the nation rejoiced at the fall of its tyrant.

As a general, Napoleon well deserved the epithet of great. The continental kings who were all subdued by him, can no more deny him this title than they can forget the high military talents which he displayed in his battles with them.

‘These talents applied not less to the general arrangements of the campaign than to the disposition for actual battle. In each of these great departments of war, Napoleon was not merely a pupil of the most approved masters of the art,—he was an improver, an innovator, and an inventor.

‘In stratagie, he applied upon a gigantic scale the principles upon which Frederick of Prussia had acted, and gained a capital or a kingdom, when Frederick would have won a town or a province. His system was, of course, that of assembling the greatest possible force of his own upon the vulnerable point of the enemy’s position, paralysing, perhaps, two parts of their army, while he cut the third to pieces, and then following up his position by destroying the remainder in detail. For this purpose, he taught generals to divide their armies upon the march, with a view to celerity of movement and facility of supply, and to unite them at the moment of contest, where an attack would be most feebly resisted, because least expected. For this, also, he first threw aside all species of baggage which could possibly be dispensed with, supplied the want of magazines by the contribution exacted from the country, or collected from individuals by a regular system of maurauding, discontinued the use of tents, and trusted to bivouacking with his soldiers, when hamlets could not be found, and there was no time to erect huts. His system was ruinous in point of lives, for even the military hospitals were often dispensed with; but although Moreau termed Napoleon a conqueror at the rate of ten thousand men a day, yet the sacrifice for a length of time uniformly attained the object for which it was designed. The enemy, who had remained in their extensive cantonments, distracted by the reports of various columns moving in different directions, were surprised and defeated by the united force of the French, which had formed a junction where and when it was least expected. It was

not till they had acquired the art of withdrawing from his attack so soon as made, that the allies learned to defeat the efforts of the moveable columns.

‘Napoleon was not less original as a tactician than as a stratagist. His manœuvres on the field of battle had the promptness and decision of the thunderbolt. In the actual shock of conflict, as in the preparation which he had made for bringing it on, his object was to amuse the enemy upon many points, while he oppressed one by an unexpected force of numbers. The breaking through the line, the turning of a flank which had been his object from the commencement of the fight, lay usually disguised under a great number of previous demonstrations, and was not attempted until both the moral and physical force of the enemy was impaired by the length of combat. It was at this period that he brought up his guards, who, impatient of inactivity, had been held in readiness for hours, and now, springing forward, like wolf-dogs from the leash, had the glorious task, in which they rarely failed, of deciding the long sustained control. It may be added, as further characteristic of his tactics, that he preferred employing the order of the column to that of the line, perhaps on account of the faith which he might rest in the extreme valour of the French officers, by whom the column was headed.’—Vol. 9, pp. 309, 310, 311.

Under Napoleon, France triumphed over almost all nations; under him France was respected, glory was honoured, and courage recompensed; under him we did not see, as we do under the Bourbons, the cross of the brave shining on the breast of the deserter, the coward, or the traitor; under him the patrimony of the legitimate child was never the portion of the bastard of rank; on his return from Elba we did not behold, as we did three months after on the re-entry of Louis XVIII., a troop of infamous brigands infecting the south and glutting themselves with the blood of patriots; he was at least strong enough in his government to be single in his tyranny.

‘Having, therefore, attained the summit of human power, he proceeded, advisedly and deliberately, to lay the foundation of his throne on that democratic principle which had opened his own career, and which was the throwing open to merit, though without further title, the road to success in every department of the state. This was the secret key of Napoleon’s policy; and he was so well aided in the use of it, by acute perception of character, as well as by good nature and good feeling, (both of which, in his cooler moments, he possessed,) that he never, through all his vicissitudes, lost an opportunity of conciliating and pleasing the multitude, by evincing a well-timed attention to distinguish and reward talent. To this his conversation perpetually alluded; and for this he claims, and is entitled to, the highest praise. We have little hesitation in repeating, that it was this opening a full career to talent of every kind, which was the key-stone of his reputation, and the main foundation of his power. Unhappily, his love of merit, and disposition to reward it, were not founded exclusively upon a patriotic attention to the public welfare, far less on a purely benevolent desire toward what was praiseworthy; but upon a principle of selfish policy, to which must be ascribed a great part of his success, no small portion of his misfortunes, and almost all his political crimes.

'We have quoted elsewhere the description given of the emperor, by his brother Lucian, in a moment probably of spleen, but which has been nevertheless confirmed by almost all the persons habitually conversant with Napoleon, at whom we have had an opportunity of making inquiries. "His conduct," said his brother, "is entirely regulated by his policy, and his policy is altogether founded upon egotism." No man, perhaps, ever possessed (under the restrictions to be presently mentioned,) so intense a proportion of that selfish principle, which is so common to humanity. It was planted by nature in his heart, and nourished by the half monastic, half military education, which so early separated him from social ties; it was encouraged by the consciousness of possessing talents which rendered him no mate for the ordinary men among whom his lot seemed cast; and became a confirmed habit, by the desolate condition in which he stood at his first outset in life, without friend, protection, or patron. The praise, the promotion he received, were given to his genius, not to his person; and he who was conscious of having forced his own way, had little to bind him in gratitude or kindness to those, who only made room for him because they durst not oppose him. His ambition was a modification of selfishness, sublime indeed in its effects and consequences, but yet, when strictly analyzed, leaving little but egotism in the crucible.

'Our readers are not, however, to suppose, that the selfishness of Napoleon was of that ordinary and odious character, which makes men miserably oppressive and fraudulent in private life; or which, under milder features, limits their exertions to such enterprises as may contribute to their own individual profit, and closes the heart against feelings of patriotism, or of social benevolence. Napoleon's egotism and love of self was of far nobler and more elevated kind, though founded on similar motives;—just as the wings of the eagle, who soars into the regions of the sun, move on the same principles with those which cannot bear the dunghill fowl over the pales of the poultry yard.

'To explain our meaning, we may add, that Napoleon loved France, for France was his own. He studied to confer benefits upon her, for the profit redounded to her emperor, whether she received amended institutions, or enlarged territories. He represented, as he boasted, the people as well as the sovereign of France; he engrossed in his own person her immunities, her greatness, her glory, and was bound to conduct himself, so as to exalt, at the same time, the emperor and the empire. Still, however, the sovereign and the state might be, and at length actually were separated; and the egotistical character of Bonaparte could, after that separation, find amusement and interest in the petty scale of Elba, to which his exertions were then limited. Like the magic tent in the Arabian tales, his faculties could expand to inclose half a world, with all its cares and destinies, or could accommodate themselves to the concerns of a petty rock in the Mediterranean, and his own conveniences when he retreated to its precincts. We believe, that while France acknowledged Napoleon as emperor, he could cheerfully have laid down his life for her benefit; but we greatly doubt, if, by merely raising his finger, he could have made her happy under the Bourbons, whether (unless the merit of the action had redounded to his own personal fame,) that finger would have been lifted. In a word, his feelings of self-interest were the central point of a circle, the circumference of

which may be extended or contracted at pleasure, but the centre itself remains fixed and unchanged.—Vol. 9, pp. 315, 316, 317, 318.

Compared with the greater number of those kings whose throne he is said to have usurped, (as if 'the choice of the people was not the best and purest title to reign over them*') Napoleon was unquestionably a model of courage, humanity, and virtue. What in fact were the princes which the court of France presents during the first days of the monarchy? Ignorant, sanguinary, superstitious sovereigns, indolent useless kings, governed by the mayors of the palace, despots and assassins. What good has resulted to France from that long succession of *legitimate heroes*, from which the Bourbons are so proud of being descended? With the exception of Louis XII. and Henry IV., they were cruel kings who inundated the land with the blood of their kinsmen or their enemies; unskilful soldiers, their unjust wars often placed France in jeopardy, and twice even placed a foreigner on the throne; under them the civil wars, which originated either in the ambition of the nobles or the religious fanaticism of the princes, decimated the country and covered it with funeral piles, executioners, and victims. Napoleon was guilty of faults, of injustice, and of crime, and God forbid that we should attempt to excuse him; but can the excesses which the impartial historian must attribute to him equal the iniquities and barbarities of the most illustrious of the Capets? Was his assassination of the Duc d'Enghein so atrocious as the massacre which Charlemagne commanded of his own nephews, whose throne he had usurped. Was it with fire and sword in hand, like Charlemagne, that he raised altars and proclaimed the doctrines of a God of peace and mercy. Was the massacre of Napoleon's prisoners in Egypt more horrible than that of the thousands of Saxons vanquished by Charlemagne? Finally, did the modern emperor, like this ancient king, who was canonised by the church of Rome, repose from the toils of war surrounded by his nine concubines, his licentious daughters, and his bastard sons? Is Napoleon to be compared to Francis I., whom Charles X. long took for his model; to that theatrical chevalier whose shameful end was yet less ignoble than his life; who depopulated France by wars and executions, who caused the Protestants to be burnt by slow degrees, by means of an abominable machine, which alternately brought them close to or removed them from the pile; who ruined his kingdom to pay his ransom, and who was the first French king that devoted the last contribution of his people to the payment of some flattering verses. Or shall we compare Napoleon to that Louis XIV. whom panegyrists delight to invest with the title of Great. Do they not know that if his voluptuous existence was surrounded by prodigies of art and talent, it was at the expense of the sweat of his subjects, the riches of his provinces, and the subsistence of families. Cruel in wars, he caused the burning of the Palatinate; an ambitious conqueror, but possessing no military talent, he exposed France to

* Gibbon.

the most imminent peril; a Tartuffe in religion, he demoralised the court by his gallantries, and infested it with his mistresses and numerous bastards; he transported the council-chamber to the apartments of Mde. Maintenon, (the widow of the poet Scarron,) to whom he had become blindly attached, and directed by this ambitious coquette, by a fanatic priest, and a cruel minister, he revoked the Edict of Nantes, and commanded the *dragonades*, thereby opening a long career of proscriptions, misfortunes, and crimes, calling down the animadversions of his subjects, and bespeaking that public rejoicing which outraged his funeral obsequies. Such are the most glorious specimens of legitimate princes which are held up to the admiration of Frenchmen; but it is not by comparing him with such sovereigns, that a just detestation of the ambitious Napoleon can ever be excited. But let a parallel be drawn between him and a Washington, a Franklin or a Jefferson, as has been done so eloquently by an American citizen in the following passage, the veil then falls, the despot remains, and the hero vanishes:—

'In the bearings of his personal character, Jefferson can be safely compared with the contemporary rulers of nations, not excepting him,—the greatest of them all; nor need our patriotism shrink from the singular contrast between two men, chiefs for nearly an equal period of their respective countries, and models of their different species,—Napoleon, the emperor of a great nation, and Jefferson, the chief magistrate of a free people.' * * *

'Napoleon owed his elevation to military violence, Jefferson to the voluntary suffrage of his country. The one ruled sternly over reluctant subjects—the other was but the foremost among his equals, who respected in his person the image of their own authority. Napoleon sought to enlarge his influence at home by enfeebling all the civil institutions, and abroad by invading the possessions of his neighbours; Jefferson preferred to abridge his power by strict constructions, and his counsels were uniformly dissuasive against foreign wars. Yet the personal influence of Jefferson was far more enviable, for he enjoyed the unlimited confidence of his country; Napoleon had no authority not conceded by fear, and the extortions of force are evil substitutes for the most fascinating of all sway—the ascendancy over equals. During the undisputed possessions of that power, Napoleon seemed unconscious of its noblest attribute, the capacity to make man freer or happier; and no one great or lofty purpose of benefiting mankind, no generous sympathy for his race, ever disturbed that sepulchral selfishness, or appeased that scorn of humanity, which his successes almost justified. But the life of Jefferson was a perpetual devotion, not to his own purposes, but to the pure and noble cause of public freedom. From the first dawning of his youth his undivided heart was given to the establishment of free principles, free institutions, freedom in all its varieties of untrammelled thought and independent action. His whole life was consecrated to the improvement and happiness of his fellow men, and his intense enthusiasm for knowledge and freedom was sustained to his dying hour. Their career was as strangely different in its close as its character. The power of Napoleon was won by the sword—maintained by the sword—lost by the sword. That colossal empire, which he

had exhausted fortune in rearing, broke before the first shock of adversity. The most magnificently gorgeous of all the pageants of our times—when the august ceremonies of religion blessed and crowned that soldier—emperor, when the allegiance of the great captains who stood by his side, the applauses of assembled France in the presence of assenting Europe, the splendid pomp of war softened by the smiles of beauty, and all the decorations of all the arts blended their enchantments as that imperial train swept up the aisles of Notre Dame—faded into the silent cabin of that lone island in a distant sea. The hundred thousand of soldiers who obeyed his command,—the will which made the destiny of men,—the name whose humblest possessor might be a king—all shrunk into the feeble hand who followed the captivity of their master. Of all his foreign triumphs not one remained, and in his first military conquest—his own country, which he had adorned with the monuments of his fame, there is now no place even for the tomb of this desolate exile. But the glory of Jefferson became even pure as the progress of years mellowed into veneration the love of his countrymen. He died in the midst of the free people whom he had lived to serve, and his only ceremonial, worthy equally of him and of them, was the simple sublimity of his funeral triumph. His power he retained as long as he desired it, and then voluntarily restored the trust, with a permanent addition—derived from Napoleon himself—far exceeding the widest limits of the French empire—that victory of peace, which outweighs all the conquests of Napoleon, as one line of the declaration of independence is worth all his glory.—Beddle's Eulogium on Thomas Jefferson.

The French Revolution fell beneath the sabre of Napoleon, and he in his turn succumbed to the destiny of man,—inevitable death. Nature destroyed the child she had produced, Victory overthrew the trophies which she herself had raised, and France fell again beneath the same despotism from which an excess of despotism had released it.

Having in a manner followed Sir Walter Scott step by step, we have presented to our readers all the principal scenes of that drama full of interest and of instruction, of horrors and of wonders, which during a quarter of a century tormented France and agitated the whole of Europe.

The numerous extracts which we have made from the work we have been analysing, must be sufficient to show its literary merits, and the errors we have pointed out will give an idea of its historical fidelity.

In his preceding compositions, which are so strictly correct, so extremely graceful, so highly interesting, Sir Walter Scott has proved that it is principally in painting details that his brilliant imagination delights. His pen embellishes and augments the most simple occurrences of life, and the most common-place subjects are set off in the most brilliant colours. Unfortunately this creative faculty of animating the most trifling thing, and which is so useful to the poet, is not merely useless, but hurtful to the historian, and Sir Walter Scott, by employing it in his last work, has completely missed his aim. Thus it is not a beauty, but a defect, in the *Life of Napoleon*, to have a great many pages devoted to secondary circumstances

and mere anecdotes, the originality or romance of which may please the imagination of the poet, and to concentrate into a few lines the greatest and most important events. Accustomed to stray wherever chance or his desires might dictate, Sir Walter has not been able to subject himself to the restraints and the laborious researches required by the strictness of history. Perhaps, also, a more solid erudition than his is requisite in order to paint in all their true colours, in all their details, and with all their characteristic and local circumstances, the numerous, varied, and dissimilar events of the revolution and of the empire.

Some have attempted to show a similitude between Sir Walter Scott and the ancient historians; but how immense is the distance that separates him from these great men! In painting the tenderness of Napoleon towards Josephine and Maria Louisa, the style of Sir Walter partakes in some degree of the grace and naïveté of Herodotus; but Sir Walter has taken those graceful descriptions from the book of *Las Casas*, in which they had been written by Napoleon himself. Does there subsist the slightest resemblance between Sir Walter and Thucydides? Where is the force which is to be found in the writings of the Athenian citizen. Does the Scotch historian, like Xenophon, unite the qualities of an author and statesman; he whose good nature makes him fearful of wounding men's feelings by the severity of his judgments, and of offending crowned heads by the boldness of his language? Can he have the least resemblance to Tacitus, of whom the poet writes,

'Son seul nom prononcé fait païr les tyrans.'

Is his prolix, diffuse, incorrect style, intermixed with citations and anecdotes, at all like those bold, hardy touches which, though often abrupt, are always vigorous; which describe at once, and which affect while they make us shudder, those touches which are to be found in the historian of the sombre Tiberius, the ferocious Caligula, the imbecile Claudius, the barbarous Nero, and the hypocritical Domitian? One of our contemporaries has drawn a parallel between Sir Walter Scott and Livius. Livius wrote the history of his own country; he was an ardent lover of liberty, and was passionately attached to a republic. Sir Walter Scott has written the history of France; he has but little faith in the existence of liberty, and looks upon the establishment of a republic as a Utopia. Livius identifies himself with the country whose annals he traces; he feels all the good and all the evil which happen to Rome; he fears, hopes, succumbs, and triumphs with her. Being foreign to France, Sir Walter can have no such affection for it; he is neither inflamed at the success of the French arms, nor at their defeat. In his general observations, it is true, he appears to forget that he is English, and a Tory, and that his nation is the rival of France; but as soon as he descends to details, as soon as he puts the two nations in contact with each other, or the republicans with the royalists, his prejudices again manifest themselves. Livius was partial towards Rome, of which he wrote the

history. After the battle of Cannæ, when the Romans were completely overpowered, he stopped short, quite unable to pursue his history—he could not describe the universal desolation which it so completely partook of. Walter Scott's partiality manifests itself for England, consequently Hannibal would be rather the object of his sympathetic affection than Paulus Emilius.

In the course of our analysis of the *Life of Napoleon*, we have pointed out several errors and inaccuracies, but we might have augmented the list*; we might also have taxed Sir W. S. with not perfectly understanding the French language, and with sometimes altering the meaning of words by a false translation; we might likewise reproach him with mutilating proper names, and even disfiguring that of one of his collaborators in the *Edinburgh Review*, the former editor of *Le Censeur Européen*, and he may be accused of occasional ignorance of French orthography, and of making, for example, of the word *comtes*, which is in English *earls*, *accounts*, the French for which is *comptes*, two things by no means similar. Finally, a rigid critic might censure him for having attempted to correct (vol. 2, Appendix, p. xiv.) the orthography of Napoleon, and having thereby augmented the fault which he wished to rectify; but these are mere peccadilloes, the blame and responsibility of which ought perhaps to attach to the printer alone.

ORIGINAL.

TO ————.

I MUST be blest while thou art near,
I must be happy if thy cheek
Of beauty and of health may speak,
And bloom for me, my only dear.
My life one dreary waste may be,
O'erhung with sorrow's darken'd sky;
I'll find my sunshine in thine eye—
I'll find my flowers of love in thee.
The desert hath its fount and grove,
By friendly hands for wanderers reared,
And Heaven that left life else uncheered,
My shrine supplies in thee my love.

JANTHIS.

* Thus Sir Walter Scott would have done well to have indicated more exactly the dates of the principal events he has stated, for those dates are indispensable to their intelligence. Thus, again, Sir Walter Scott ought to have cited the different authorities he followed, as guides to his history, and in regard to it we now extract the following passage from the *Quarterly Review*, taken by Mr. Nicholas Harris Nicholas, in his preface to the *History of the Battle of Agincourt*, of which *The Literary Chronicle* will shortly give a full review:—'The intrinsic value of a history depends upon the extent and accuracy of research displayed in its compilation; that extent can only be marked, that accuracy can only be established, by copious references. Notes are indispensable to its existence, they are the guarantees for its trustworthiness; they are the only measure which the reader possesses of the credulity or discrimination of the writer. Without them he does not know whether he is depending on the assertions of a Dionysius or a Tacitus, and he may, for any thing he knows to the contrary, be reposing on the tales of the former that confidence which he, perhaps, would be willing to concede only to the philosophic narrative of the latter. The personal friends indeed of the historian may feel satisfied that he would advance nothing as matter of historic truth except what he had attentively examined and expressly believed; but what inference will all other persons draw from a history without note or reference? They will assuredly never rest their belief on its assertion; they will never receive its unsupported details as matter of strict and conclusive evidence.'

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

(In Illustration of the Print *La Veuve du Soldat*.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF FIELD FLOWERS, &c.

I SAW her when she left her home,
 A young, a soldier's bride,
 With him in distant lands to roam,
 And ever by his side;
 All reckless of the mighty stir
 Of war—what then was war to her!
 She followed him by day, by night,
 Companion of his toil;
 She shared the glory of the fight,
 The glory of the spoil—
 Nor knew she danger while she moved
 Near him she'd wed, near him she loved.
 Yet would she oft in memory's page
 Retrace her earlier years,
 Ere sorrow and the cares of age
 Enhanced a mother's fears;
 Ere yet Time's wintry hour had spread
 His snow-storms o'er a father's head.
 In vain 'to arms!' the trumpet sounds;
 Home, all are now forgot—
 One, one alone, 'mid shrieks, 'mid wounds,
 Enchains her to the spot.
 But hark again!—yon trumpet's breath
 Hath bid to cease the work of death.
 'Tis eve—the battle's fearful storm
 Has passed away, is o'er;
 Why hails she not his warrior form?—
 That form she'll hail no more!
 Lo! where the widow, orphan weep,
 'Tis there he sleeps his dreamless sleep.
 He lay in death where he'd, in life,
 The shock of war withstood;
 There, too, his foeman's corse, all rife
 With dust, with wounds, with blood.
 While gory falchion fain would tell
 That he had sold his life full well.
 'Twas with a tearful eye she gazed
 On all she still adored;
 'Twas with a trembling hand she raised
 Aloft the fatal sword—
 'And is this all,' she said and sighed,
 'That now remains of valour's pride?'
 'Yet take it, boy, the time may come
 When rapine, haply war,
 Shall e'en invade our peaceful home,
 And all its beauties mar—
 Oh! may it then, a happier brand,
 Grace thine, as once, thy father's hand!'
 I saw her quit the sickening scene,
 Homeward she bent her way;
 There smiled her native meadows green,
 There all was blithe and gay;
 There stood, as erst, her parent's cot
 Unchanged—alas! how changed her lot!
 Then first she smiled the smile of joy,
 For hope her grief beguiled;
 And now she kissed her orphan boy,
 And now her infant child;
 Full deep her inmost soul was riven,
 Yet bowed she to the will of Heaven.
 For still amid her smiles, a sigh,
 At times her bosom heaved;
 Still sorrow's tear-drop dimm'd her eye,
 In secret still she grieved;
 Friends, parents, home, all, all were vain—
 Her home was on the battle plain.
 January, 1826.

THE MICROCOSM IN REGENT STREET.

WE have been very highly gratified by a recent visit to this novel and pleasing exhibition; and as little information of its nature can be obtained from its name, we shall give our readers a short description of it:—In a room, which is fitted up with much taste and elegance, are twelve microscopes of extraordinary dimensions, some of them eight feet in length, and the large glasses twelve and fifteen inches in diameter; to each are attached three insects, or rather objects, which may be seen in succession, by turning a brass nut. The objects are thus seen greatly magnified, and appear very brilliant, with their parts far more distinct than in microscopes of inferior size. Amongst the insects, the diamond beetle, from Brazil, is pre-eminently beautiful, and a small piece of it, in another microscope more highly magnified, enables the observer to perceive the construction of its external covering, which consists of scales of an oval figure, reflecting all the colours of the rainbow, and equal in brilliancy to the most precious gems. In another microscope, mites from cheese and eels from sour paste are seen in active motion, magnified about two thousand times. In a third, insects of a larger kind are seen greatly magnified, and at a considerable distance this has a very grand effect, as the objects are seen two feet in diameter, without looking through any glass. Our limits prevent us from noticing more than one other object, which must not be passed over, as it affords one of the most curious and surprising spectacles we ever beheld; let the reader suppose himself looking through a small hole at a circle of light, above nine inches in diameter; here, suspended in water, a branch of coralline is seen, like a little tree of singular structure, among the branches of which a variety of animals of wonderful forms are seen darting about in quest of their prey, some are of slower motion, and lodge in it for a considerable time, others again, suspend themselves from the surface of the water by their tails, and putting an apparatus in motion, with which their mouths are provided, produce a rapid current in the water, by which the smaller animalcule are drawn towards them and devoured; the latter are the larva of the common gnat, and appear between one and two inches in length; a full description of their curious conformation would occupy several pages.

We should add, that the attention of Mr. Carpenter, the inventor and proprietor of this beautiful development of some of Nature's most wonderful works, in communicating every information to his visitors, is entitled to our warmest praise.

Mr. Albert Montemont, the translator of Mr. Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope* and Rogers's *Pleasures of Memory*, is now publishing, in Paris, a *Travel in the Five Parts of the World*, in prose and verse. He is the same author who, some time since, published *Travels in Italy*, which has had great success in France, and of which a second edition is just published.

Zoological Society.—This society bids fair to be one of the most popular institutions in the kingdom. Their numbers already amount to nearly six hundred, and the presentations to the society are already very numerous and valuable. The formation of this society will not only afford a delightful recreation for the public, when the gardens and conservatories are completed, but it will promote the study of natural history among all classes, on the same principle as the national taste for painting and the fine arts, was produced by the patronage his late majesty graciously manifested in establishing the Royal Academy.

Rossini.—Letters from Paris complain of the idleness of Signor Il Maestro Rossini, in not producing sufficient novelty to gratify the insatiable appetite of the Parisians. We believe the signor is the best judge of his own inventive faculties, and, therefore, has no wish to lose the reputation he already enjoys. His latter operas contain, in numerous instances, whole passages copied both from his former works and the operas of other composers. Rossini is already considered by the Italians as superannuated. And in a short time the Parisians will be of the same opinion; though he is said to be engaged on an opera in the French language! Any opera in that language must inevitably meet the ephemeral reception of Boildieu's *Dame Blanche*.

Insanity.—Dr. Clutterbuck, in a recent lecture (published in *The Lancet*), on the causes which contribute to produce insanity, and the means of cure, observes, 'that although we are not justified in expecting a perfect cure, in cases where there is a predisposition to this formidable disease, either hereditary, or from a malformation of the brain; yet much may be done to ward off the disease by a careful avoidance of the remote or exciting causes. Thus by great temperance in living, and avoiding mental emotion and exertion as much as possible, insanity may be prevented, even where the predisposition to it is strongly marked; till at length the predisposition itself is worn out. By looking at the subject in this point of view, that dread of insanity which exists so strongly in many minds may be greatly lessened, as it holds out a reasonable ground for expecting that the tendency to the malady may be ultimately overcome.'—We consider these observations eminently entitled to the attention of individuals.

Patent Gas.—An individual is obtaining a patent for procuring inflammable gas by decomposing water. We are well aware that hydrogen gas may be procured by passing water through heated tubes of iron, or other material, capable of decomposing the water,—by seizing on its oxygen. But such a process would not be entitled to the protection of patent right, nor would it be applicable for the purposes of illumination; coal-gas, as well as oil-gas, being a compound gas, carburetted hydrogen; and its illuminating power being in proportion to the quantity of carbon in suspension; while the hydrogen gas from water burns with a feeble reddish flame.

NECROLOGY.

Lemot.—This eminent sculptor died at Paris on the 9th of last May. He was born at Lyons in 1773. It was first intended that he should follow the profession of architecture, of which he studied the elements at Besançon, and was sent to the capital by his parents at the age of twelve. Walking, however, one day in the park at Sceaux, he was so struck with Puget's Hercules, that he began to draw it from various points of view, and whilst thus occupied was observed by the sculptor Dejour, who forthwith took him as a pupil. In 1790 he obtained the prize for sculpture, and was sent to Rome, which city he and the other pupils of the French Academy were obliged to quit two years afterwards. He now returned to Paris, and endeavoured to obtain assistance from the government for himself and his comrades. But scarcely had he succeeded in effecting this, when, just as he was about to return to Italy, he was drawn for the army, and obliged to join an artillery corps, under the command of Pichegru, in which he continued till 1795. It being then the intention of the government to erect a colossal statue on the Pont Neuf, representing the French nation, under the figure of Hercules, Lemot was commissioned to execute it, and his model was approved of. The design, however, was afterwards abandoned, and the artist thus prevented from completing a work that, for its magnitude, would have been one of the most considerable ever attempted in modern times. He afterwards signalized himself by the grand bas-relief in the pediment of the façade of the Louvre, and various other productions. Among these may be mentioned his statues of Lycurgus, Leonidas, Cicero, Murat, a Hebe, and the two equestrian figures of Henri IV. and Louis XIV. The last-mentioned statue, which was executed for the city of Lyons, is a noble performance, notwithstanding the incongruity of the costume, the artist having, in conformity with the absurd fashion of the 17th century, represented the monarch in armour, and a flowing perwig. This and the statue of Henri IV. are admirable specimens of casting in bronze, and evince Lemot's skill in that very difficult branch of his art. Lemot was a knight of the Legion of Honour, and of the order of St. Michael, and a member of the 4th class of the Institute.

FINE ARTS.

Tyll Eulenspiegel: in 55 Radirten Blättern.
Von J. H. RAMBERG. Treuttel and Co. 1827.

It is not always that graphic commentators are successful in illustrating their author, for, like their brethren of the pen, they occasionally enfeeble the effect of the original. It would not be difficult to point out many examples where, in what are termed *illustrations*, the beautiful descriptions of the poet or novelist are rendered insipid commonplace,—certainly are very inferior to what a reader, endued with an ordinary degree of imagination, might conceive more vividly for himself. This defect, however, cannot be

imputed to this series of etchings; for here the artist has, with wonderful humour, and with a taste perfectly congenial with his subject, exhibited the various rogueries of the renowned Eulenspiegel—a merry jest of a man, that was called Howleglass. Most of our readers have doubtless, at least heard of Howleglass, a very noted practical wit, who flourished in Germany in the early part of the sixteenth century, and whose adventures have acquired a high degree of classical popularity; those, however, who wish for fuller information of him, we will refer to Mr. Roscoe's Italian Novelists. In the first volume of that work (noticed by us in the 381st No. of The Literary Chronicle, when we gave some extracts relating to this identical personage), they will find a translation of the original production which these etchings are intended to illustrate; and lest, too, they may apprehend that the history is rather too frivolous to deserve their attention, we can quiet their scruples on this head, by assuring him that it was a very favourite book of the great mathematician Euler; that it contains much shrewd and biting satire; and that it has been translated into almost every European language.

The artist has evidently entered upon his task both *con amore* and *con spirito*, and has produced a series of comic scenes, that, for masterly composition, for expression, character, originality, and humour, have not often been surpassed. With less of mere whim and oddity than Cruickshanks, he possesses equal richness of humour and a correctness of design, a vigour, a breadth of effect, and an unaffected air of nature, which that artist, satisfied with having displayed the ludicrous points of his subject, seems to disregard. The latter is too apt to substitute grimace and extravagant whim for comic expression,—caricature for character. Hence his designs, striking as they are at first sight, are apt to weary by repetition. In this style of composition a considerable latitude is undoubtedly very allowable; still we think, that the artist who consults his reputation will avail himself of the license granted him, with some degree of discretion. Low farce may be admirable in its way, but, after all, genuine comedy is far better, and capable of affording more permanent pleasure.

The illustrations before us not only afford a number of ideas for clever pictures, but many of them would bear to be transferred at once to the canvass, a test that very few subjects of this class would be able to endure. There are many groupes admirably conceived, and drawn in the most masterly manner: among these we may instance that of the tailors falling from the upset shop-board, in which the figures are charmingly grouped, and finely foreshortened. The figure of the sick doctor, in plate 36, is, for spirited drawing, and for the perfect expression of pain that is exhibited throughout the whole attitude, one of extraordinary merit. The variety of modifications, too, of the same expression, the well contrasted attitudes we meet with in the same groupes, and the diversity of ably-marked characters that present themselves in almost every subject, render

these etchings perfect studies in this respect. We cannot pretend to enumerate the different plates exhibiting the various rogueries and espiegleries of this prototype of Pickles, from his infancy to his death, and shall therefore content ourselves with mentioning two, which we select, not as altogether the best, but as illustrating two adventures of the hero, quoted by us at pages 549 and 550 of our last volume, in our notice of Roscoe's Novelists; viz. where Howleglass passes a joke on the Landgrave of Hesse, exhibiting a bare wall for a picture, and his disputation with the doctors of Prague. In the former of these, the figure of the Countess is very elegant and graceful, and forms a fine contrast to that of the Landgrave, who, leaning on his stick, is listening to hear what she will say to the imaginary picture. In the other, the various expressions of doubt, surprise, incredulity, ridicule, archness, and dulness, as exhibited in the members of the learned conclave at hearing Howleglass's extraordinary questions, are truly amusing.

We have no doubt that these Illustrations will be equally, if even not more, popular in this country, than Retsch's celebrated outlines to Faust, and that they will soon be in the hands of our artists. There is but one circumstance to be regretted, namely, that there is no explanation whatever to the plates, so that, without referring to the history, some of the subjects are not sufficiently intelligible. But a merrier or more mirth-inspiring collection of prints we know not to have met with before, nor do we apprehend that there will be many dissentient voices from our opinion. If any of our readers happen to be troubled with the blue-devils or spleen, let them but turn over these etchings, and we think their risible muscles will be well exercised before they arrive at the end. As a concluding hint, too, to the managers of our theatres, we may observe, that the tricks and knaveries of Howleglass would form an excellent subject for a good Christmas pantomime.

THE DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA—LYCEUM.—This theatre has been well attended during the past week, owing to the re-appearance of Miss Paton as the 'Evening Star'. Mozart's *Figaro* and 'Winter's Oracle' have been got up in a manner highly creditable to Mr. Arnold's management. Miss Paton is evidently following the classical model, Madame Pasta; and in certain parts of *Myra*, is scarcely inferior to the representative of *Medea*. Miss Goward is also an improving little warbler, and a great acquisition in the soubrette characters; while our old favourite, Miss Kelly, is herself in the new melo-drama, *The Sergeant's Wife*. This drama is from the prolific pen of Mr. Banim. The incidents are good, though the dialogue is rather heavy, from a want of adaptation to music in certain parts. The music of the piece, which is called 'entirely new', has no pretensions to originality, though a *duet*, and *trio*, and *finale*, by Pearman, Bland, and Co., are not below mediocrity. The peculiar line of little Keeley tells with effect in a jerry-sneak sort of peasant,

who is ably supported by his wife, Miss Goward. But the burthen and success of the piece altogether depends on the acting of Miss Kelly, and we scarcely ever saw her to greater advantage. A fair debutante of the name of Betts, has been favourably received, at this house, but we shall have a better opportunity of offering an opinion of her merits on a second hearing.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The only recent novelty at this house, is the reproduction of *The Green Man*, in which, on Wednesday, Miss E. Tree played Lady Squander and Mrs. Humby, Tucket, for the first time; these characters are well suited to their talents, and they acquitted themselves, as might be expected, very creditably. The theatre was well attended, which is indeed generally the case.

VARIETIES.

TO A DANDY.

With fools and puppies, sir, you pass

For Nature's choicest minion:

By wise men you're pronounc'd an ass:—

Pray what's your own opinion?

Accident with Burstall and Hill's Steam-Carriage.—It was our intention to have witnessed the operation of a new four-wheel carriage or coach propelled by steam, on Wednesday last, in the Kent Road, in order to give our readers some account of its action; but most providentially were prevented from witnessing a most serious accident, from other engagements. Between the hours of five and six in the morning, while the engineer was preparing the engine for exhibition to the public, and a boy being seated on the top of the boiler to attend to the safety valve, owing to some neglect of the lad, or other cause unknown, the boiler burst with a tremendous explosion, carrying the boy some height into the air, and wounding severely, though it is hoped not dangerously, several persons near the engine. If the accident had occurred an hour or two later, when a far greater number of persons had been present, it is impossible to imagine what would have been the dreadful result.—Though the construction of this engine shows great ingenuity in the inventor, for the purpose of guiding and turning the carriage, and providing against the inequalities of the road, yet we apprehend no other application but steam-pipes, in lieu of a boiler, will ever answer the purpose for propelling carriages for passengers.

Steam Packet to India.—We understand a steam packet, on a new construction, is building, to run between Calcutta and London, and to call at the *Madeiras*, *Cape of Good Hope*, *St. Helena*, and *Madras*. We believe the boat is to be fitted with two engines on Mr. Perkins's last improvement, which effects a saving of fuel of about three-fourths of the ordinary consumption, and the weight of the engine not exceeding one-third of the usual weight for the same power. The vessel is to be constructed equally for steam-working, or for sailing, and to be rigged with lug-sails and falling masts, so as to afford the least possible resistance to a head-sea. The vessel will be of small tonnage, and her whole stowage appropriated for the reception of fuel.

Sir Walter Scott and Le Constitutionnel.—The French journals contain long reviews of the last work of Sir W. Scott. If one will give credit to *Le Constitutionnel*, the life of Napoleon is even below mediocrity. 'The events,'

says the French critic, 'are horribly disfigured; the mechanism of revolutions are not at all understood; the author has carried his ignorance of facts we can almost say to impertinence; for it is impertinence to confound men, time, and places. In short, what astonishes us more still, the work is heavy, common, and fatiguing. It is not a narrative, but a vague and common tissue of continual declamation borrowed from all the poets, and of comparisons as often repeated as the proverbs of Sancha Panza. . . .—There are certainly some exaggerations in these reproaches.

Died, on the 13th instant, Dr. James Millar, a man eminent in science and literature. After signaling himself at Glasgow, both as to classical knowledge and natural history, he removed to Edinburgh, where he took the degree of M. D., and prosecuted with ardour and success some of the physical sciences. He superintended a new edition of *The Encyclopedia Britannica*, evincing in his labours much industry, information, and sound judgment. And of the *Encyclopedia Edensis*, he was the designer and editor: besides which he was in the habit of contributing for some periodicals of London and Edinburgh. He was a man of great independence of sentiment and spirit; from which his family now suffer. In the prosecution of his professional duties, he caught the fever of which he died. It is proposed to re-publish some of his essays, prefaced by a memoir.

Lackington the Bookseller.—Wesley, in the early days of Methodism, to discourage pawning, and aid his poorer disciples, established a fund, termed the '*Lending Stock*,' from which, on security offered, from two to five pounds might be obtained for a period of three months. 'Lackington, the celebrated bookseller, and others who rose to great eminence in the commercial world, commenced their mercantile career by loans derived from this fund.'—*Chronicles of Wesleyan Methodism*.

Indian Antiquities.—The *Rensselaer County Gazette* gives an account of certain Indian antiquities discovered on an island in the Hudson river, near Lansingburgh, New York. The extreme high water of last spring, in removing part of the bank of the river on Van Schaik's island, opened several graves of the aborigines of our country. From the articles found in and about one of the graves, there is no doubt but that its tenant was once of some note among his fellows; he was found in a sitting posture, with his face to the rising sun. But few of his remains could be removed; time having prostrated his once manly and vigorous form into a mass of ill shapen dust.—Upon his breast was an amulet or talisman, rude and unshapen to be sure, but probably venerated as a charm against the influence of evil genius, or the more deadly aim of a hostile mortal. With him was buried an axe, with an edge of exquisite finish, about six inches long, four in breadth, and one and a half thick; it is a porphyritic stone. There was a number of arrow heads from one to six inches long, made of some of the varieties of silicious stone, besides many fragments of the stone from which they had been manufactured. At the foot of the grave, fragments of an earthen vessel were found, giving evidence of considerable skill in its making, and when whole would probably hold about two gallons; from its weight, it evidently contains in its composition considerable sand. Such parts of the skeleton as could be removed, and all the other articles, are in the possession of Dr. Cone, of Lansingburgh.

Ship Canal.—It is said the grand ship canal from the Bristol to the British Channel has been abandoned, from an estimate that the trade of the Bristol Channel would never be sufficient to repay the interest of the money expended. And that the still greater project of cutting a canal for vessels of 1000 tons burthen, between the Thames and Portsmouth, will be carried into effect. Though the expense is estimated at nearly four millions sterling, we entertain no doubt of it proving an ultimate saving to the country, owing to the enormous loss of shipping annually, and the great delay in navigation between the ports of London and the Downs in the winter season. The plan is suggested by Mr. Cundy. The canal will run 74 miles; will always be 28 feet in depth, 150 feet wide, and require only four locks (300 feet long and 64 broad), as the summit level on Epsom Common will not exceed 140 feet, and the deepest cutting will be 130 feet.

A survey and plans are making for a canal to unite the Danube and Maine.

Method of destroying the putrid odour of fish and oils, by Mr. W. Davidson of Glasgow.—

Dissolve about one pound of chloride of lime in about one gallon (imperial) of water, draw off the clear solution, and mix it thoroughly with about one hundred weight of putrid oil, then add about three ounces of sulphuric acid, previously diluted with sixteen or twenty parts of water, and boil, with a gentle heat, till the oil begins to drop clear from a spatula. After this ebullition is finished, draw off the oil into a cooler, and allow it to remain at rest for a few days. A vessel lined with lead is less acted on by the acid; but a copper or iron vessel will answer the purpose perfectly well. The quantity of chloride of lime must be varied according to the putridity of the oil. When the heat is properly applied, the boiling will not injure the colour; for if there be a sufficiency of water, the temperature can never be much above 212° Fahr. The oil seems to have the same properties as before, and burns in a lamp equally well; but a portion of its adipocirous contents is in general precipitated.

British Museum.—The new library, which is now open, consists of printed volumes 165,000; MS. volumes, 20,000. In the king's library which has been added, there are 65,000 volumes; and in that of Sir J. Banks, which will eventually become the property of the Museum, 16,000: making a total of 246,000, exclusive of MSS.

The Ruff.—A beautiful specimen was lately shot at Boldon Flats, Durham; the plumage is in a perfect state; the bird has been stuffed, and is in the possession of Mr. A. Kirkaldy, of Monkwearmouth Shore.

Rheine.—M. Vaudin, by treating one part of rhubarb with eight parts of nitric acid, at 350 (Baumé) with a gentle heat, and then reducing it to the consistence of a syrup, and diluting it with water, observed that a peculiar substance was precipitated, which he has called *Rheine*, and which has the following properties when dried: it is of a yellowish orange colour, devoid of any peculiar smell; its taste is slightly bitter, and it is almost entirely soluble in alcohol and æther; these solutions become yellow by acids, and of a rose colour by alkalis. *Rheine* burns like other vegetable bodies, especially like starch. Rhubarb treated directly by sulphuric æther yields a substance which is perfectly similar: this proves that the new substance exists ready formed in the rhubarb, and that it is not acted upon by the nitric acid.—*Journ. de Chim. Méd.* ii. 286.

Sir Walter Scott and D'Albert.—The Liverpool Mercury of the 20th instant, contains a long letter, in the French language, in which D'Albert justifies the character of that 'excellent, brave, and consistent patriot, Lafayette,' which has been misrepresented in that part of Sir Walter Scott's work which relates to the attack on the palace of Versailles by the mob.

Mr. Thelwall will deliver a Course of Lectures before the City of London Literary and Scientific Institution, at Albion Hall, Moorfields, every Wednesday evening, from August 1st to September 5th, to begin at half past seven o'clock.

Mr. Haydon.—Monday a meeting was held at the Crown and Anchor, Strand, for relieving this painter from his distressing embarrassments. Only about 100*l.* was subscribed.

New Churches.—Summary of the 7th annual report of his majesty's commissioners:—churches and chapels completed, 69; ditto building, 48; plans under consideration, 26; grants proposed to be made for building other churches and chapels, 56; total, 199. *Accommodations in the churches and chapels completed:* in pews, for 47,545 persons; in free sittings, for 59,655; total, room for 107,200 individuals.

New London Bridge.—Monday last, the key-stone of the land arch was put in, which is formed of a block of red Peterhead granite, 4 feet 6 inches deep, by 2 feet 3 inches wide, 18 inches thick, and in weight about two tons. The span of the first arch is 130 feet, with a rise of 25 feet from high water line. The centre arch will be of 140 feet, with a rise of 30 feet. The largest arch in England is the Ponty-Bryad, Glamorganshire, of 140 feet span. The chief bridge of the continent is the Ponte del Trinita, at Florence, consisting of 3 arches, of very nearly the same proportions. The two arches on each side of the centre arch of New London Bridge will be each 140 feet span. The contractors are to have the bridge finished by March, 1830. The chief part of the pier points and arch stones has been supplied from the Devon Haytor granite quarries, near Arburtonn. It is said an open square is to be formed on the site of Crooked Lane, the Monument thrown open, and the architecture of the houses made of corresponding magnificence. On the south side of the river arrangements have been made to throw open for the public view St. Saviour's Church, acknowledged the next sacred edifice in rank after Westminster Abbey and St. Pauls; we lament to see that fine and venerable structure only in part repaired. Is this from *want of funds* or *want of spirit* in the inhabitants? It is said some degree of blame attaches to the architect.

New Styptic.—At a late meeting of the Medico-Botanical Society, Mr. Frost exhibited a specimen of a plant termed by the inhabitants of Peru *matica*, and used by them as an external styptic. It appears to be a species of Piper. Its leaves are of a cordate shape, and very tomentose on their under surfaces. They are coarsely pulverized, and in this way externally applied.—*London Med. & Phys. Journal.*

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

G. D. R. in our next.

T. S. has been received.

We should be glad to hear from V and T. D.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Hon. and Rev. H. Watson, M.A., to the rectory of Kettering, N. ham.

The Rev. J. Brocklebank, to the rectory of Delamere, Chester.

The Rev. Mr. Fuller, to the new church at Pimplico, (St. Peter's.)

The Rev. M. Davy, D.D., master of Caius, Camb, to the rectory of Cottenham, Camb.

The Rev. J. Fellows, M.A., to the rectory of Mautby, Norfolk.

The Rev. H. Anson, M.A., to the rectory of Lynge cum Whitwell, Norfolk.

The Rev. S. N. Bull, to the vicarage of Harwich and Dovercourt cum Ramsey, Essex.

The Rev. Dr. Irvine, to the living of Chatham.

The Rev. J. W. Beadon, M.A., prebendary of the prebend of Litton, and presenter of Wells Cathedral, to be a canon residentiary of that cathedral.

The Rev. C. H. Pulsford, M.A., a canon residentiary of Wells, to the vicarage of Burnham, Somerset.

The Rev. T. P. Slapp, M.A., to the rectory of Rickingham Inferior with the rectory of Rickingham Superior annexed.

The Rev. P. W. Worsley, to a prebendary stall in Ripon Cathedral.

The Rev. H. H. Baber, of the British Museum, to the rectory of Streatham.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.		
July 20	59	69	56	29 78	Cloudy.
.... 21	59	68	56	.. 90	Fair.
.... 22	58	63	55	30 04	Rain.
.... 23	64	69	60	.. 02	Cloudy.
.... 24	64	71	60	.. 08	Cloudy.
.... 25	64	68	55	30 00	Fair.
.... 26	59	69	62	.. 08	Fair.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.—A Memoir relative to the Operations of the Perampore Missionaries, including a succinct account of their oriental translations, native schools, missionary stations, &c.—A Latin Grammar, with Exercises in Construing and Composition, by Mr. A. Irvine.—The Fourth Part of Mr. Thoms's Prose Romances; it will contain the Merry Exploits of Robin Hood, and the curious MS. Life of that Outlaw, preserved in the Sloanean Library.—Dr. Cullen's First Lines of the Practice of Physic, together with his physiology and Nosology, edited by John Thomson, M.D. F.R.S.E. and L.—A new edition of Mr. Selwyn's Abridgment of the Law of Nisi Prius.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.—Buckler's Endowed Schools, Part 1, five plates, 8vo. 5s.—Transactions of the Medical and Physical Society, Calcutta, vols. 1 and 2, 15s. each.—Cary on Law of Partnership, 8vo. 14s.—Pratt's Criminal Law, 5s.—The Bridegroom of the Fay, a Rosicrucian Tale, 5s.—Tales and Romances, by the Author of Waverley, 9 vols. 12mo. £3. 7s.—Shakspeare's Plays, 18s.—Allen's History of London, 8s. 6d.—Wallis's Lectures on Astronomy, 2s.—Obadiah's Address to the People of Almacks, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—London's Gardener's Magazine, vol. 2, 14s. 6d.—Clementson's Epistles of Ignatius and Polycarp, 8vo. 5s.—Petersdorff's Reports, vol. 6th, £1. 10s. 6d.—Spirit of the Age, vol. 3, 7s.

This day is published, No. I., price 7s. 6d. of the

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Contents.—I. Conde's History of the Dominion of the Arabs in Spain.—II. On the Supernatural in Fictitious Composition—Works of Hoffmann.—III. Duma's History of the Campaigns from 1799 to 1814.—IV. Deville's Letters on Bengal.—V. Manzoni's Italian Tragedies.—VI. French Books on Gastronomy.—VII. Berard on the Influence of Civilization on Public Health.—VIII. Schubert's Travels in Sweden.—IX. Dutrochet on Vital Motion in Animals and Vegetables.—X. Rizo on Modern Greek Literature.—XI. Botta's History of Italy.—Miscellaneous Literary Notices, No. I.—List of the principal Works published on the Continent from January to June, 1827.

Published by Treuttel and Wurtz, Treuttel, Jun., and Richter, Foreign Booksellers to the King, No. 30, Soho Square, to whom all Communications for the Editor should be addressed; sold also by Cadell and Co., Edinburgh; and J. Cumming, Dublin.

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